

SLÁINE IS BACK IN TIME KILLER!

PROG 411
30 MAR 85

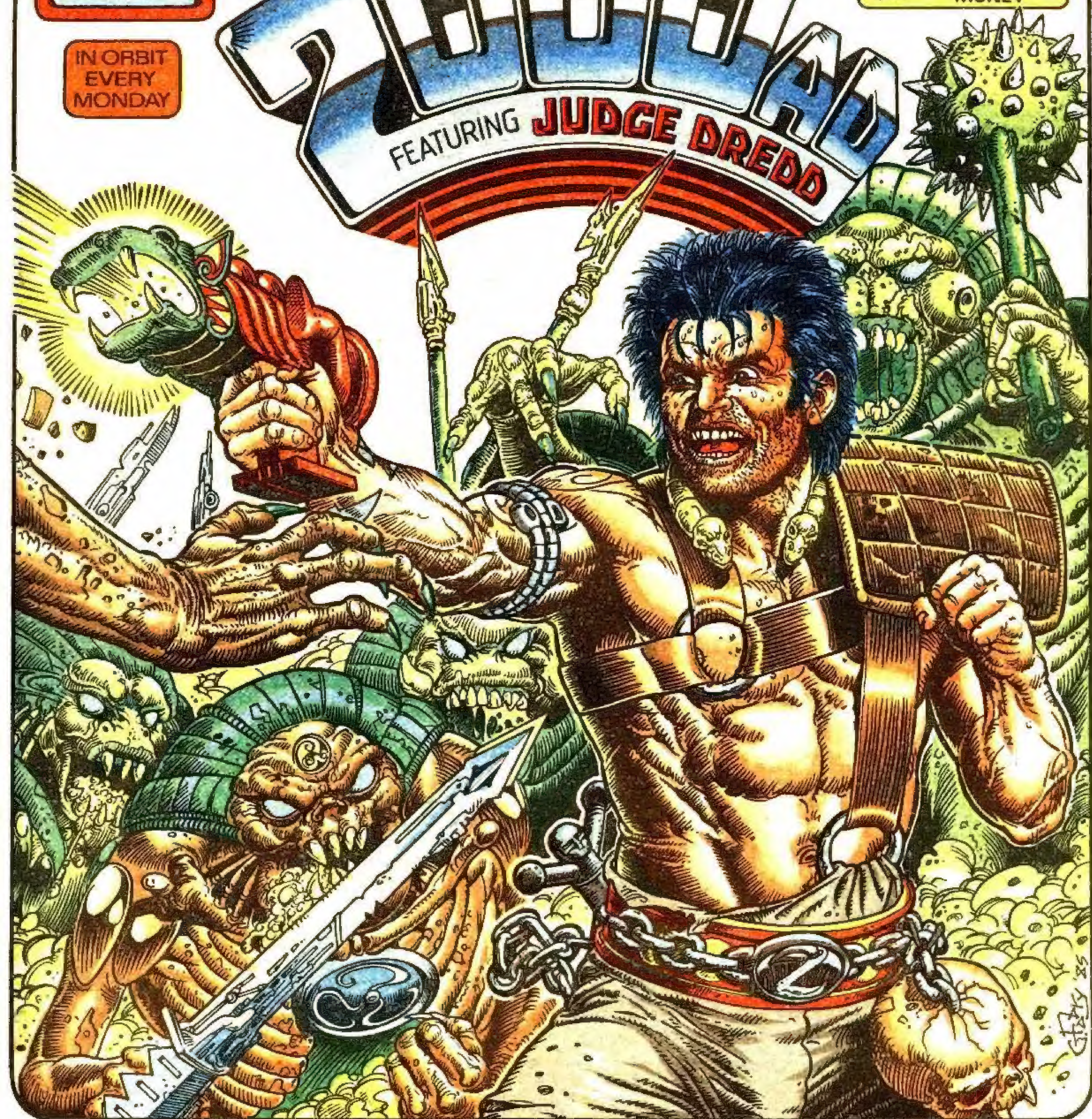
IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

£1.45 Malaysia
60c Australia
60c New Zealand
88g Mercury
210g Venus
66g Mars
10g Asteroid Belt
110g Saturn
10g Neptune
2g Pluto

24p
EARTH
MONEY

2000 AD

FEATURING **JUDGE DREDD**



NERVE CENTRE

BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS.

Last week you were introduced to José Ortiz, the latest droid to be given the honour of working for the galaxy's greatest comic. This week I want you to meet not one but *two* new Art Robots – *Glenn Fabry* and *David Pugh* – who will be sharing between them the creative duties of my *zarjaz* new *Slame* saga, *Time Killer*, which starts today. Because the exploits of this legendary hero have not been related since Prog 367, I have also programmed a refresher course to jog your memory circuits back into action. Once you have recovered from the return of the Celtic barbarian, you might like to detach the scan of my mighty self on this week's back cover, and attach it to a strong piece of card. You can then send it to your relatives off-planet, to remind them that the great day will soon be upon us...the day when Prog 416 goes on sale...the 8th Birthday Issue!

SPLUNDIG YUR THRIGG!

THARG



Drawn by Earthlet
S. Jones,
Canterbury.
£10 Winner.



Klamesis
THE FORELOCK

OLD THRILLS

Dear Mid-Spectre Being,

In the name of unselfish sacrifice I've been giving my copies of 2000 AD to my brother-in-law since I started reading it in Prog 7. He then passes them on to no less than five of his mates – a magnanimous act on my behalf, and one which keeps morale in my local steel industry at an unbelievably high level. Talking of high levels, the fact that my brother-in-law is 6'4" tall has nothing to do with my generosity.

From Earth Citizen Allan Brooks, Stockton-On-Tees. £5 Winner.

I command you to cease this practice at once! Don't you see what damage you're doing to the circuits of your brother-in-law and his friends? By the time they get hold of a prog, most of the thrill-power has already been taken from it! Also, there's the question of morale in your local newsagent industry.....

OLD PROBLEM (OLD PROGS)

Dear 2000 AD,

I have been collecting you since your first issue, but when I recently piled all the progs together I found that some were missing. Can I purchase back copies to make my collection complete? The missing progs are: 45, 55, 138, 140, 141, 143-146, 148-151, 154, 156, 157, 175, 263, and 281-283.

From Earthlet R. G. Howes, Norwich.
£5-towards-the-progs-Winner.

Alas, my droids are far too busy to offer a back prog service, although it's possible that one of the Squaxx dek Thargo will contact me about the gaps in your collection, in which case I shall pass his address on to you. If no such event takes place, however, read on...

COSMIC COLLECTORS' CORNER!

The Command Module is swamped with appeals for back progs so often that I, Tharg the Generous, have programmed a list of thrill merchants who specialise in past issues of my cosmic comic:

BIRMINGHAM: NOSTALGIA & COMICS, 14-16 Smallbrook Queensway, B5 (021-643 0143)
BRISTOL: FOREVER PEOPLE, 59, Park Street (0272 25454)
EDINBURGH: S. F. BOOKSHOP, 40, West Cross Causeway (031-667 0426)
GLASGOW: AKA BOOKS & COMICS, 31, Virginia Street (041-552 8640)
IPSWICH: GLOBE FANTASY, St. Margaret's Green
LEICESTER: RECORDS & COMICS, Magazine Walk, Newarks Underpass (0533 543981)
LIVERPOOL: CHAPTER ONE, 6, London Road (051-709 7011)
MANCHESTER: ZAPI, 45, Barlow Moor Road, M20 (061-434 5390)
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: TIMESLIP, 17, Prudhoe Place, NE1 (0632 619173)
NORWICH: COMICS & COMIX, 83, Upper St. Giles Street, NR1
NOTTINGHAM: COMIX & BOOKS, 205, Mansfield Road, NG1 (0602 410481)
OXFORD: RAINBOW'S END, 78a, Cowley Road, OX4 (0865 251140)
SHEFFIELD: SHEFFIELD SPACE CENTRE, 485, London Road, Heeley (0742 581040)
SHOREHAM: FINE LINES, 23, Brunswick Road, Sussex (07914 5532)
SOUTHEND: NEW BOOKSHOP, 339, Chartwell Square, Victoria Circus, Essex (0702 613021)
STOCKPORT: FALLOWS, 68, St. Petersgate, Cheshire (061-477 3680)
STOKE-ON-TRENT: FANTASY WORLD, 10, Market Square Arcade, Henley, Staffs (0782 279294)

Earthlets are advised to find out from these merchants whether they have the progs you require, and their price, before sending off your hard-earned groats.

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories
IN THIS PROG on the coupon and
enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is..... **411**

EIGHT MONTHS OUT...

HELLO?
MIX?

THE SLAB
AT THE STORES
SENT ME OVER
WITH THOSE
PARTS YOU
NEEDED.

I GUESS
YOU WANT TO
FINISH EARLY
AND GET READY
FOR THE
EQUATOR PARTY
TONIGHT...

THAT'S RIGHT.
WILL YOU BE GOING,
MZ. JONES?

UH, WELL, I DON'T
KNOW. I, Y'KNOW, DON'T
REALLY HAVE ANYBODY
TO GO WITH...

MY
NAME'S
HALO.

HMM. NICE
NAME. I WOULDN'T
HAVE THOUGHT
YOU'D BE SHORT
OF COMPANY,
MZ. JONES!

WELL, NORMALLY
I'M NOT, Y'KNOW, SHORT
OF COMPANY...

BACK ON THE
HOOP, I HAD LOTS
OF FRIENDS. I REALLY
MISS THEM.

I JUST DON'T
REALLY KNOW MANY
PEOPLE OUT HERE.
I'LL PROBABLY STAY
HOME TONIGHT.

HMM. WE
CAN'T HAVE YOU
STAYING HOME AND
MISSING YOUR
FRIENDS, CAN
WE?

WE...
WE CAN'T?

OF
COURSE
NOT!

I HAD
YOUR ROBOT
DOG IN A MONTH
OR SO BACK, TO
REPLACE HIS AUDIO-
MEMORY
TAPES.

THE
OLD TAPES
ARE AROUND
HERE SOME-
WHERE. THEY'LL
HAVE YOUR
FRIENDS' VOICES
ON THEM.

AHH! HERE THEY ARE! THEY'LL PLAY ON ANY ORDINARY MACHINE. HAVE FUN!

LOOK ON IT AS THANKS FOR BRINGING THOSE PARTS ACROSS.

Any time.

LATER:

HOY! HALO! GUESS WHAT?

I GOT A DATE FOR THE EQUATOR PARTY!

That's really mammoth, Toy.

MAYBE I'LL WEAR MY SPATTER-SMOCK. YOU CAN HELP ME SPRAY IT.

WHO ARE YOU GOING WITH?

HUH! HE MOOCHES AROUND AFTER YOU TOO MUCH AS IT IS! NOT NATURAL IN A HEALTHY ROBOT.

ANYWAY, TOBY'S ON PATROL DUTY TONIGHT. I HEARD THEM SAY SO.

SLAPPY! STOOD UP BY A DOG!

OH, IT'S SO DIFFICULT TO DECIDE FROM THE ZILLIONS WHO'VE ASKED ME... I'LL PROBABLY JUST STAY HOME WITH TOBY.

The Ballad Of HALO JONES

6: MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS...

Y'KNOW THE BIG GUY WITH THE MOUSTACHE? THE ONE WHO WORKS IN RECREATION MAINTENANCE?

WELL, I WAS TAKIN' MY 156 EXERCISER THAT I BUSTED BACK TO COMPLAIN, AND HE JUST ASKED ME, STRAIGHT OUT!

WELL, I'M CERTAINLY NOT GOING TO SPEND ALL NIGHT BLUBBING OVER A BUNCH OF OLD TAPES - AND THAT'S DEFINITE! I'VE STILL GOT SOME DIGNITY!

...LA DADA DUM, LA DADÉE...

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT:
ALAN MOORE
ART ROBOT:
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING ROBOT:
STEVE POTTER



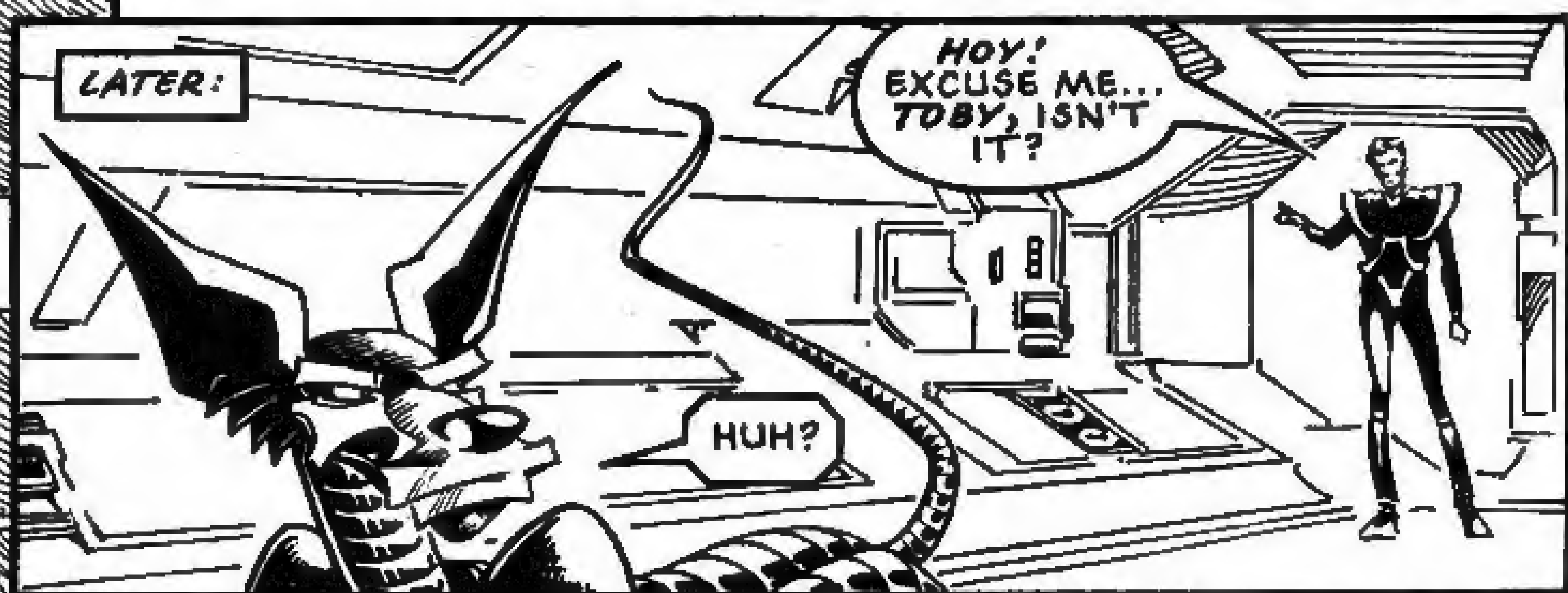
LATER!

HALO?
I'M JUST
GOING OUT.
THANKS FOR
SPRAYING
ME.

SURE.
HOY, LISTEN,
BEFORE YOU
GO...



HOW DO
I WORK THIS
MACHINE
AGAIN?



LATER:

HOY!
EXCUSE ME...
TOBY, ISN'T
IT?

HUH?



SORRY TO
INTERRUPT
YOUR PATROL
DUTY...

I JUST
WONDERED IF
YOUR FRIEND MZ. JONES
MANAGED TO PLAY THE
TAPES I GAVE HER
WITHOUT ANY
SNARL-UPS?

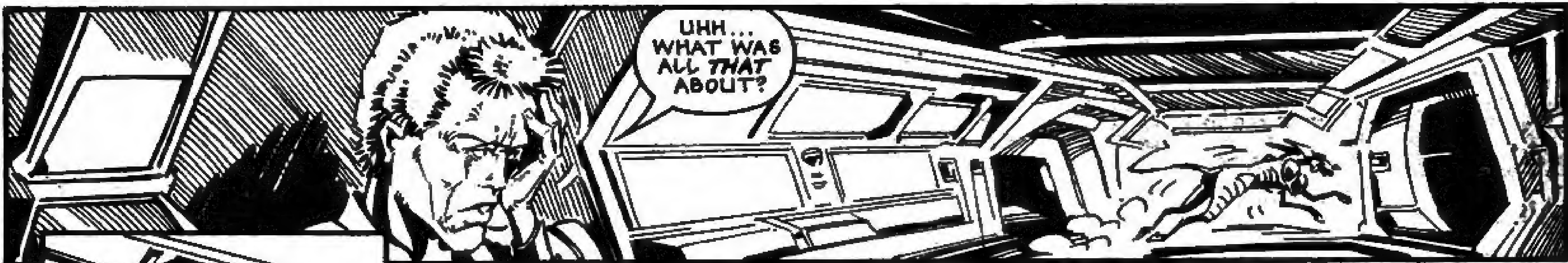
TAPES?

SURE. I
GAVE HER
YOUR OLD
AUDIO-MEMORY
TAPES AS A
MEMENTO
OF HOME.

I GUESS
SHE DIDN'T
GET A CHANCE
TO TELL YOU
YET, HUH?



I OUGHT
TO BITE YOUR
SQUIDGY LITTLE
FACE OFF.
AND IF SHE'S
PLAYED THOSE TAPES,
I THINK I WILL.



UHH...
WHAT WAS
ALL THAT
ABOUT?



RODICE?
ARE YOU
OKAY?

AM I
OKAY? I FEEL
WONDERFUL!

HAHAHA!



SHE FEELS
WONDERFUL.

I'M HAPPY
FOR HER. NOW
GET HER OUTSIDE
AND ABOARD THE
HOOTOP MAGNETRAX
BEFORE SHE
CHANGES HER MIND
... WHATEVER'S
LEFT OF IT.

REMEMBER!
RODICE
DROPPED HER
ZENADE!



YOU
COMING WITH
US, TOBY?

FORGET IT.
MY GUARANTEE
DOESN'T COVER
SALT-AIR EXPOSURE.
I CAN MAKE BETTER
TIME THROUGH THE
HOOP ON MY OWN
AND MEET YOU ON
MALL LATER.
SEE
YOU AROUND,
GIRLIES.



OH...
TOBY LEFT
US HERE AND
TOOK A SHORT-
CUT.

I'LL JUST
FAST FORWARD
A LITTLE...

THERE!
THAT OUGHTA
DO IT.



TOBY? IS THAT YOU?
I THOUGHT YOU WERE WITH
HALO AND RODICE?

I CAME HOME, MA.
THERE WAS SOMETHING
I HAD TO DO.

TOBY, I
TOLD YOU TO
STAY WITH
THEM!

HUH?
BRINNAP?





SORRY, MA—IT'S THAT LEGACY PROGRAMME YOU LOGGED, LEAVING ME TO HALO AFTER YOUR DEATH.

I LOVE HER, MA.

TOBY? WHAT ARE YOU... TOBY! LET GO!



GOODBYE, MA. THANKS FOR EVERYTHING.

SHRRRIIP

AAAAAH! TOBY, DON'T! PLEASE... PLEASE—



EEEEEEEEEEEEEE??

CHROPP CHROPP GROFF

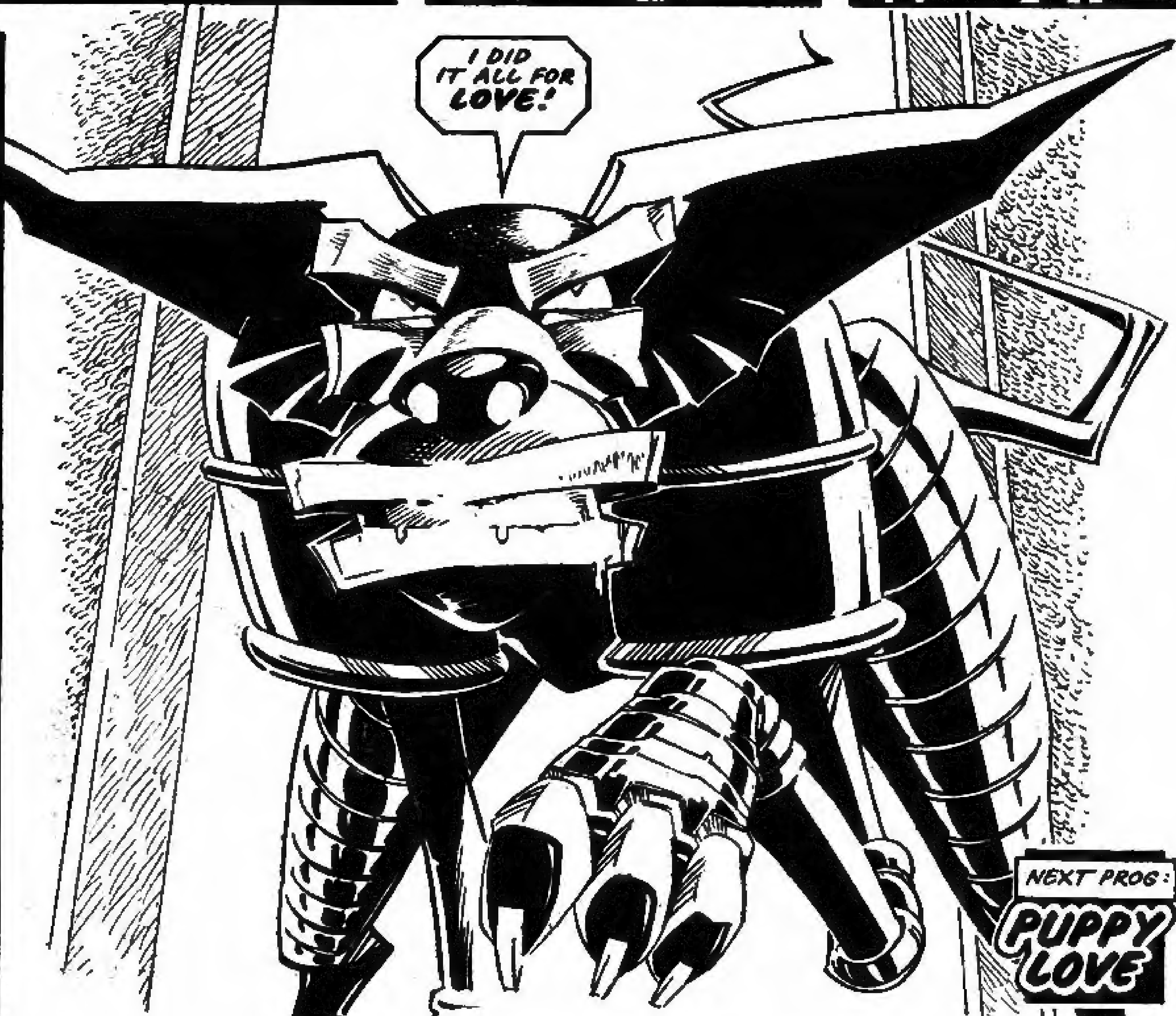
OH, NO... OH, NO... TOBY...



TOBY, IT WAS YOU! IT WAS YOU WHO KILLED BRINNA!



FOR LOVE, GIRLY...



I DID IT ALL FOR LOVE!

NEXT PROG:
PUPPY LOVE

Sláine

THE SAGA SO FAR...

SLÁINE, a warped warrior of the Red Branch of his tribe, the Sessair, heads home through Tir-Nan-Og...the Land of the Young (Britain and Eire before the Flood).

The Sessair are one of the Tribes of the Goddess Danu, the great Earth Mother. It is through her 'Earth Power' that Sláine is capable of having mighty warp-spasms: strange and terrifying battle-frenzies, far worse than a Berserker fury. Sláine's companion, who writes the saga, is the shifty, scheming dwarf, **UKKO**.

They are joined by a new companion, **NEST**, whom they met while Sláine was a labourer on her dragon farm at Worm's Head in South Wales. She has been taught some of the strange secrets of the Arch-Druids, the *Ever-Living Ones*...mysterious figures who may have been involved in saving Sláine from the vengeance of the *Drune Lords*.

The Drunes are sinister Priest-Kings who worship the Worm God *Crom-Cruach* and rule the Southern part of Tir-Nan-Og. As they travel North on her prize dragon, the *Knucker*, Nest tells Sláine they are flying towards Dinas Emrys, the Eternal Fortress of the Ever-Living Ones in Snowdonia.

Meanwhile, the Drunes' leader, *The Lord Weird SLOUGH FEG*, continues with his plans to destroy the Land of the Young. He sends forth one of his war-witches, *Medb*, to stir up trouble amongst the Northern Tribes; and provides arms and power to the *Fomorian Sea-Monsters*, who sweep South in their ice-castles to herald the start of a new *Ice Age*.

But Sláine is unaware of all this as he continues his flight – stopping to obtain new costumes for himself and Nest. For, like all Celtic barbarians, he is as fond of jewellery and clothes as he is of collecting skulls...



PROLOGUE:

MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO, A DEMONIC ALIEN RACE — THE CYTHRONS — LOST A WAR FOR MASTERY OF THE STARS. THE SURVIVORS WERE EXILED TO A LIFELESS, VOLCANIC WORLD ON THE EDGE OF THE GALAXY... A PRISON PLANET THEY CALLED CYTHRAWL.

BUT THEIR ENEMIES HAD UNDERESTIMATED THE EVIL OF THE CYTHRONS.

THEY BEGAN DRILLING HOLES IN THEIR PRISON.

HOLES IN TIME.

THEY TUNNELED UPWARDS IN TIME... TO AN ERA WHEN THE PLANET HAD BLOSSOMED INTO LIFE, AND WAS CALLED...

THE PLANET WAS SURROUNDED BY AN IMPENETRABLE FORCE-FIELD. IT WAS BELIEVED THE MENACE OF THE CYTHRONS WAS AT AN END.

EARTH!

LOOK! THE SHINING ONES!

THE CYTHRONS WERE INTERESTED IN HUMANS FOR THREE REASONS... FIRST, THEY WANTED TO BE WORSHIPPED. IT MADE THEM FEEL... IMPORTANT AGAIN.

WE ARE YOURS TO COMMAND, SHINING ONES!

WHAT GREAT MESSAGE DO YOU BRING US FROM THE SKIES?

SECOND, TORMENTING THE PRIMITIVES WAS A WAY OF RELIEVING THE BOREDOM OF ETERNAL IMPRISONMENT — A WAY OF... KILLING TIME.

THIRD, THEY HAD A PLAN TO BREAK OUT OF THE PRISON PLANET AND ONCE MORE RULE THE STARS. HUMANS WERE A VITAL PART OF THAT PLAN...

Slaine

in

TIME KILLER

SCRIPT: PAT MILLS
ART: GLENN FABRY
LETTERING: STEVE POTTER

NEST TOLD US OF THE CYTHRONS AS WE FLEW NORTH TOWARDS SLAINE'S TRIBE... RESTING DURING THE DAY, FOR THE KNUCKER— SLAINE'S GREAT BULL DRAGON— WAS MOST ACTIVE AT NIGHT.

FIFTEEN... SIXTEEN... MERCY, SLAINE! MERCY!

WHAT'S UKKO DONE WRONG, SLAINE?

NOTHING. THAT WAS HIS REGULAR BEATING.

POOR UKKO...

GET YOUR HAND OUT OF MY PURSE! YOU THIEVING LITTLE—!

IT'S GROWING DARK, AND THE KNUCKER'S GETTING RESTLESS... TIME TO MOVE ON.

OH, YES. POOR UKKO! YOU'RE SO KIND TO ME, DEAR.

AS WE FLEW OVER SNOWDONIA, THREE BLOWING DISCS STREAKED PAST US...

CYTHRONS! FLYING TO THE CITY OF THEIR GREATEST ENEMIES... THE EVER-LIVING ONES!

"...TO DINAS EMRYS... THE ETERNAL FORTRESS!"

DRAWING CLOSER, WE SAW THE FORT'S DEFENDERS WERE UNDER ATTACK BY HIDEOUS CREATURES WEARING WHAT SEEMED TO BE BONE ARMOUR.



DILUVIALS! ONE OF THE ROOT RACES OF MEN! THE CYTHRONS HAVE BROUGHT THEM FROM ANOTHER TIME TO DESTROY THE ETERNAL FORTRESS!

THEY USE THEIR HORNS TO CREATE SONIC VIBRATIONS THAT LIQUIDISE THEIR ENEMIES... WHOM THEY DRINK!



SO TH! IT'S NOT ONLY PEOPLE THEY'RE LIQUIDISING...

THEY WERE BARKING AND BAYING AT THE RAMPARTS—USING STRANGE BONE CONCHES TO AMPLIFY THE SOUND.



THE WHOLE MOUNTAIN'S RUNNING!

IT NOW BECAME CLEAR WHY THE CYTHRONS HAD BROUGHT IN THE DILUVIALS—STONE POURED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN LIKE MOLTEN LAVA.



AAHHH!



WE FELL NEAR A GROUP OF DILUVIALS...

...WHO, FORTUNATELY, WERE BUSY FEASTING ON A WAR-DRAGON THAT CRASH-LANDED MOMENTS BEFORE US.

AND, IN THE FEW SECONDS BEFORE THEY SPOTTED US...

QUICK! GRAB THE DRAGON-CREW'S WEAPONS!

UGH!

BARKING, THE DILUVIAL LEADER CAME AT US...

WE NOW SAW HIS BONE ARMOUR WAS, IN FACT, HIS SKELETON — WHICH HE WORE ON THE OUTSIDE.

SLÁINE DID HIS GREAT SALMON LEAP...

AND—

RRRARGH!

A SECOND DILUVIAL CHARGED — BUT SLÁINE THRUST THE SWORD BETWEEN ITS ARMOUR-PLATES, AND TWISTED...

AS THE REST OF THEM CHARGED US, SLAINE RAISED A STRANGE TUBE BELONGING TO ONE OF THE DRAGON RIDERS.

I HOPE YOU KNOW HOW TO USE THAT THING! I DON'T WANT TO BE DRUNK BY A DILUVIAL!

AYE... LEYSER-GUN. USES EARTH-POWER RUNNING THROUGH THE LEY LINES.

LEY LINES WERE THE STRAIGHT TRACKS RUNNING ACROSS TIR-NAN-OG... PART OF A VAST ENERGY MATRIX, THE REMAINS OF WHICH STILL EXIST EVEN TODAY.

FIRE A LEYSER SCATTER-BEAM!

ONE OF THE SECRETS WE WERE TAUGHT IN THE RED BRANCH WAS HOW TO USE THESE FORBIDDEN WEAPONS!

OCH! I'M NOT SURPRISED THEY'RE FORBIDDEN!

I SEE YOU KNOW HOW TO HANDLE ONE AS WELL, DEAR.

I DIDN'T JUST LEARN POETRY AT COLLEGE...

THE FACT THAT THEY COULD BE KILLED AT A DISTANCE BY SLAINE'S LEYSER SCATTER-GUN SEEMED TO BE DIFFICULT FOR THE DILUVIALS TO GRASP.

CONSEQUENTLY, THEY KEPT ATTACKING, AND SOME FORTY DILUVIALS WERE BLASTED BY THE LEYSERS. WE DIDN'T THINK IT TOO MANY.

BUT THEN... IN AWE OF SLAINE'S SAVAGERY AND POWER, THEY BOWED BEFORE HIM AND SIGNIFIED BY BARKING AND GESTURES...

THEY WANT YOU TO BE THEIR LEADER!

DILUVIALS RESPECT BRUTE FORCE. THAT MUST BE HOW THE CYTHRONS CONTROLLED THEM.

BUT THE DEPOSED LEADER— DYING FROM THE GREAT WOUND IN HIS HEAD— MANAGED TO PUT A CONCH TO HIS FEEDING HOLE AND HOWLED INTO IT.

AND A GREAT WAVE OF SOUND HIT US— THE SONIC VIBRATIONS LIQUEFYING OUR SKINS!

SLAINE!

NEXT PROG: MEET MOGROOTH?

YOUR PLANET NEEDS YOU!



I NEED YOUR HELP, EARTHLETS! THE ONLY WAY TO COMBAT THRILL-SUCKER INFESTATION IS REGULAR JOITS OF THRILL-POWER, AND THAT MEANS A WEEKLY ORDER FOR 2000 AD. FILL IN THE COUPON TO PROTECT YOURSELF AND THEN GIVE THE SPARE COUPON TO A FRIEND. REMEMBER, EARTHLETS -- YOUR PLANET NEEDS YOU!

RESERVATION COUPON

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver* 1 thrill-powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

NAME

ADDRESS

Signature of Parent/Guardian*

*delete as applicable

RESERVATION COUPON

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver* 1 thrill-powered copy of 2000 AD each week.

NAME

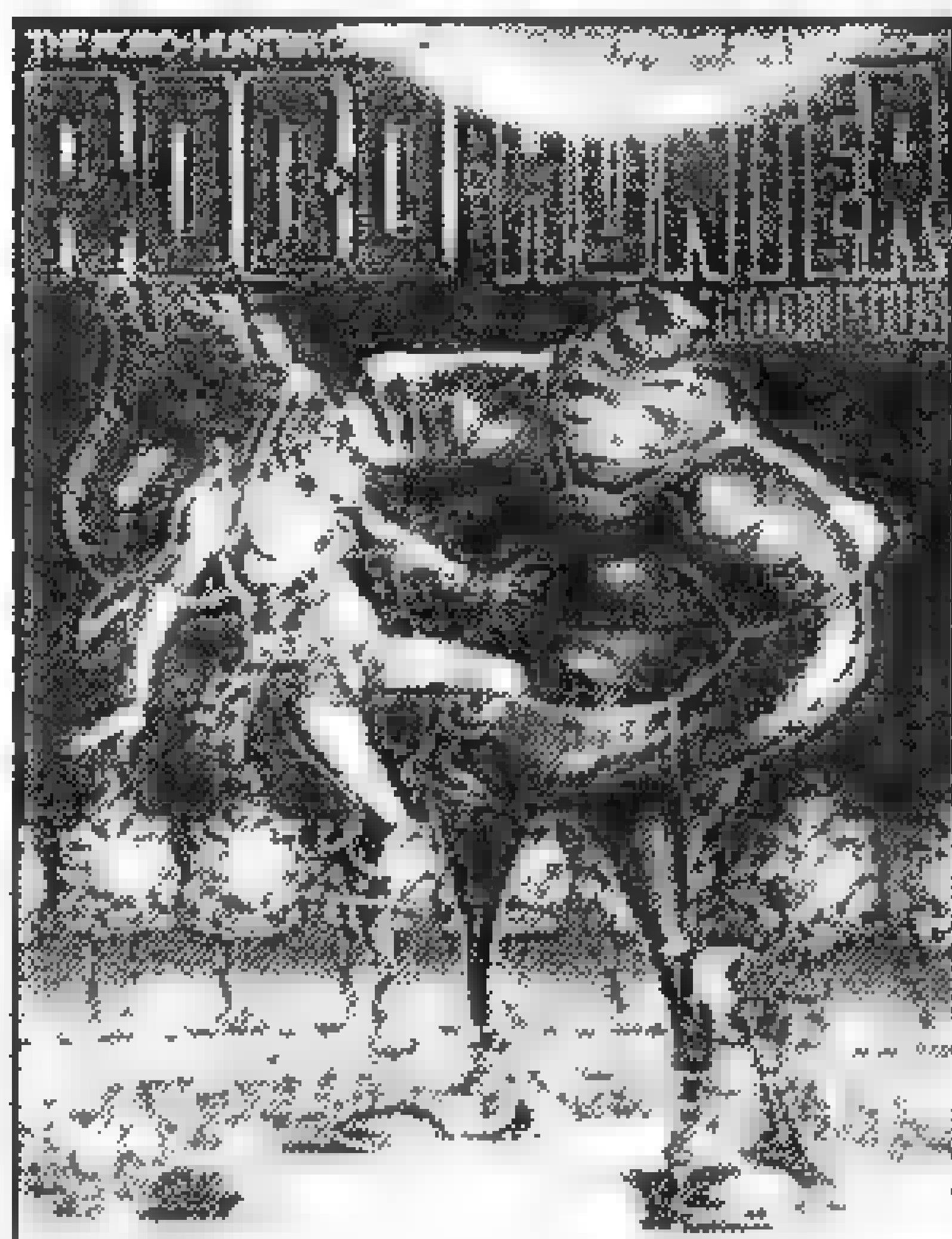
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Signature of Parent/Guardian*

*delete as applicable

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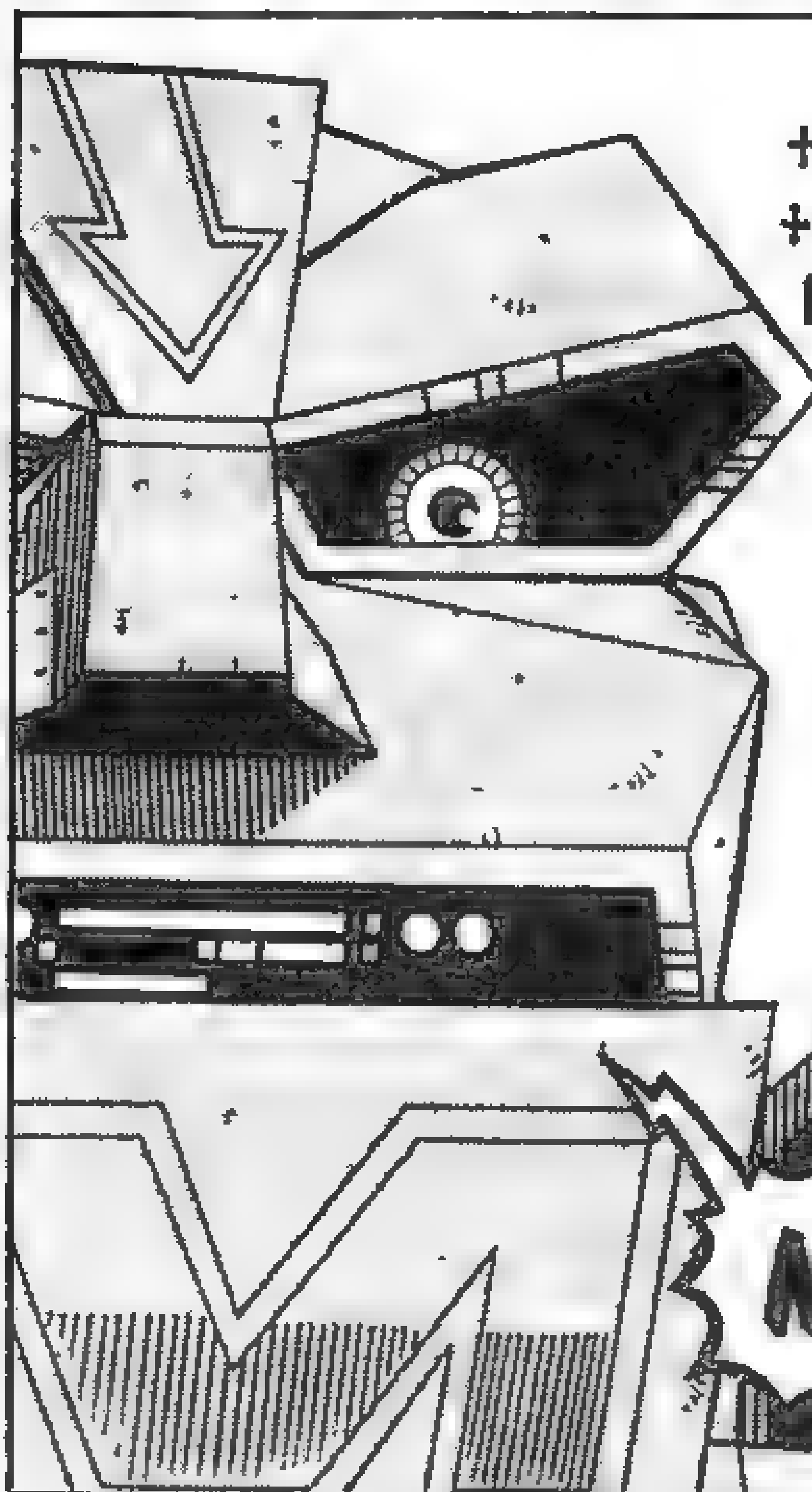
ROBOT MAYHEM!



Robo-Hunter Book 4, written by John Wagner with art by Ian Gibson, concludes the Day of Droids adventure in which Sam Slade, Robo-Hunter extraordinaire, is catapulted through a bizarre series of nightmarish events as he tries to rescue his city! Also included are two classic Judge Dredd stories by Wagner and Gibson - *Wall's Night Out* and *Bogey Man*. 64 pp. Softcover: £4.75 incl. P&P

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Please allow 28 days for delivery.
Euro customers please send international Banker's Draft or add £2 for bank handling charges. For our catalogue of Judge Dredd and 2000 A.D. products, send a large (9x6") self-addressed envelope plus 25p in stamps to the above address (free with orders).



+++ WANTED: URGENT +++
+++ RUNAWAY ROBOT +++
LAST SEEN RAMPAGING
TOWARDS PROG 412
+++ ANSWERS TO
THE NAME OF

MONSTEROSO!

THE HUNTERS CLUB

CHIP CHEGLEY, RELUCTANT INITIATE OF THE HUNTERS CLUB, HAS BEEN GUNNED DOWN BY A FELLOW MEMBER FOR REFUSING TO KILL HIS SELECTED VICTIM -

GUN'S DEFINITELY THE MURDER WEAPON, DREDD. BUT NO PRINTS OR OTHER ORGANIC TRACES, EXCEPT FROM THE CHUMP YOU CAUGHT - AND I THINK WE CAN ELIMINATE HIM.

NAME'S **CHIP CHEGLEY**, UNEMPLOYED LOOF SAMPLER, **MARIO PUZO** BLOCK. NOMINATED TO CARRY OUT A HUNTERS CLUB KILLING... COULDN'T DO IT - SO HIS PAL SHOT HIM TO STOP HIM REVEALING CLUB SECRETS.

THAT'S THE WAY IT LOOKS TO ME

YOU SAY YOU RECEIVED TWO DEATH THREATS, CITIZEN. THAT'S STANDARD OPERATIONAL PROCEDURE FOR THE HUNTERS CLUB. MOST PEOPLE DON'T BOTHER TO REPORT THEM - THINK THEY'RE JUST A HOAX.

THAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT!

FIRST CALL WAS MADE FROM AN UNREGISTERED RADIOPHONE - THE SECOND FROM THE BOOTH ACROSS THE STREET. NO LEADS THERE.

ANYTHING ON VID? NEGATIVE. VOICE HAS BEEN SCRAMBLED TOO. THOUGH I THINK WE CAN BE SURE IT'S CHEGLEY.

IT'S BUB! HE'S GOT ME TRAPPED!

YOU'RE GOING TO BE HUNTED DOWN AND SLAIN! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU, ENID!

SCRIPT
I.B. GROVER
ART
RON SMITH
LETTERING
Y. FRAME

IF I DON'T DO IT HE-HE-HE-
HOLD IT! REPLAY THAT LAST SEG!

IT'S BUB! HE'S GOT ME -

A NAME. BOB - BUB MAYBE...

COULD'VE BEEN BUD...

SOUNDED LIKE BOWD TO ME.

BOB, BUB, BUD OR BOWD, IT'S OUR ONE DECENT LINK TO CHEGLEY'S KILLER - AND THE HUNTERS CLUB!

AT MARIO PUZO DREDD BREAKS
THE NEWS TO CHEGLEY'S WIDOW -

MY CHIP -
D-DEAD?
BUT
HOW?

YOUR
HUSBAND
FELL IN WITH
THE WRONG
COMPANY,
CITIZEN

MARIO PUZO
BOOKS

HE EVER
MENTION THE
HUNTERS
CLUB?

NO.

THE NAME BOB,
BOWO, BUB OR
BUD MEAN
ANYTHING TO
YOU?

I DON'T
THINK
SO...

WAIT A MINUTE!
THERE WAS SOMEONE
CALLED BUB HE-HE
USED TO QUEUE FOR
WORK WITH CHIP
OVER AT
LOVELACE'S
LOOPS.

SEARCH COMPLETED, DREDD.
NOTHING ON THIS BUB -
OR THE HUNTERS CLUB.

WE DID FIND THIS
THOUGH.

PURE SUGAR!

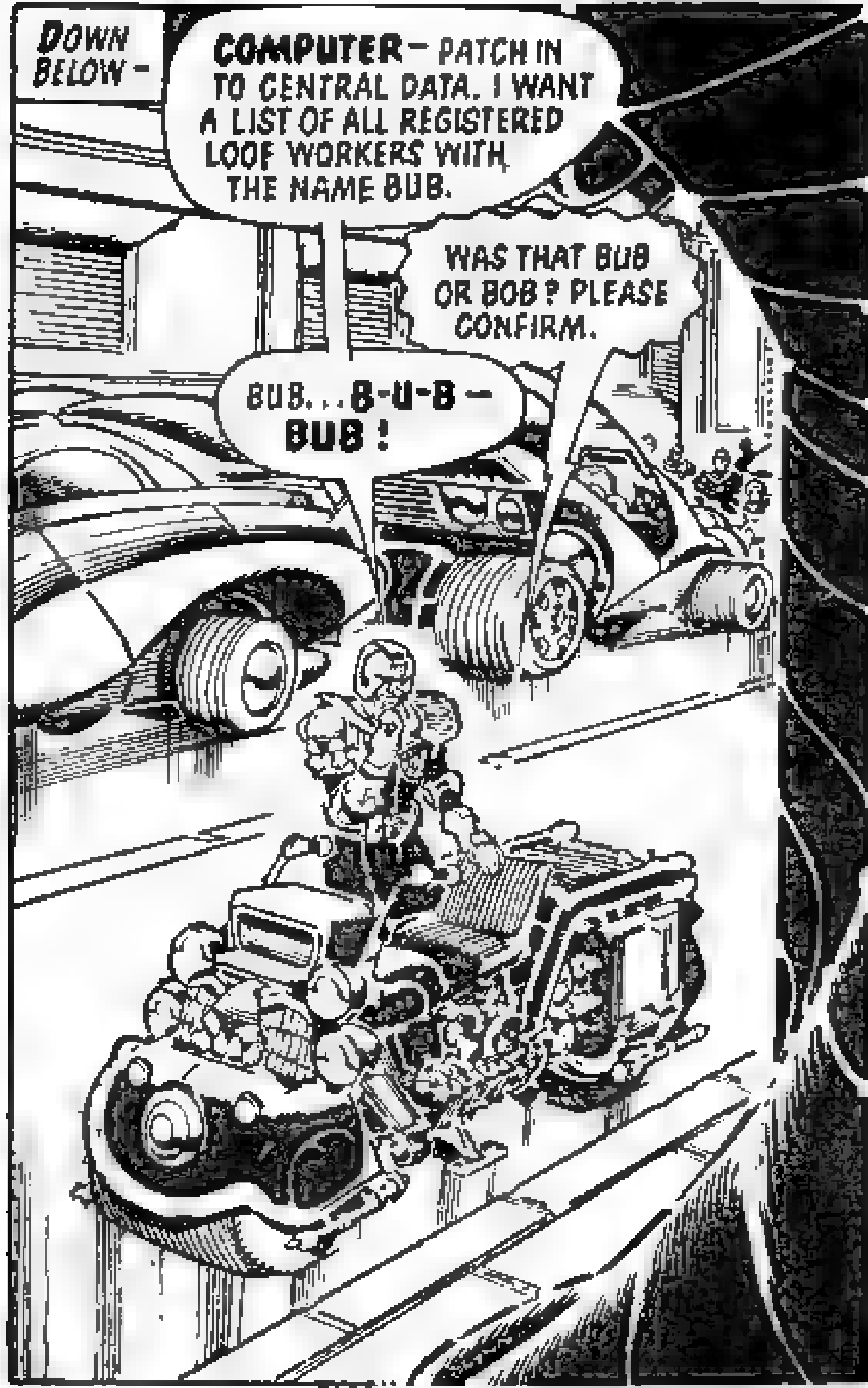
THIS YOURS,
CITIZEN?

Y-YES.

POSSESSION OF PROHIBITED
SUBSTANCES

BOOK HER!

DREDD

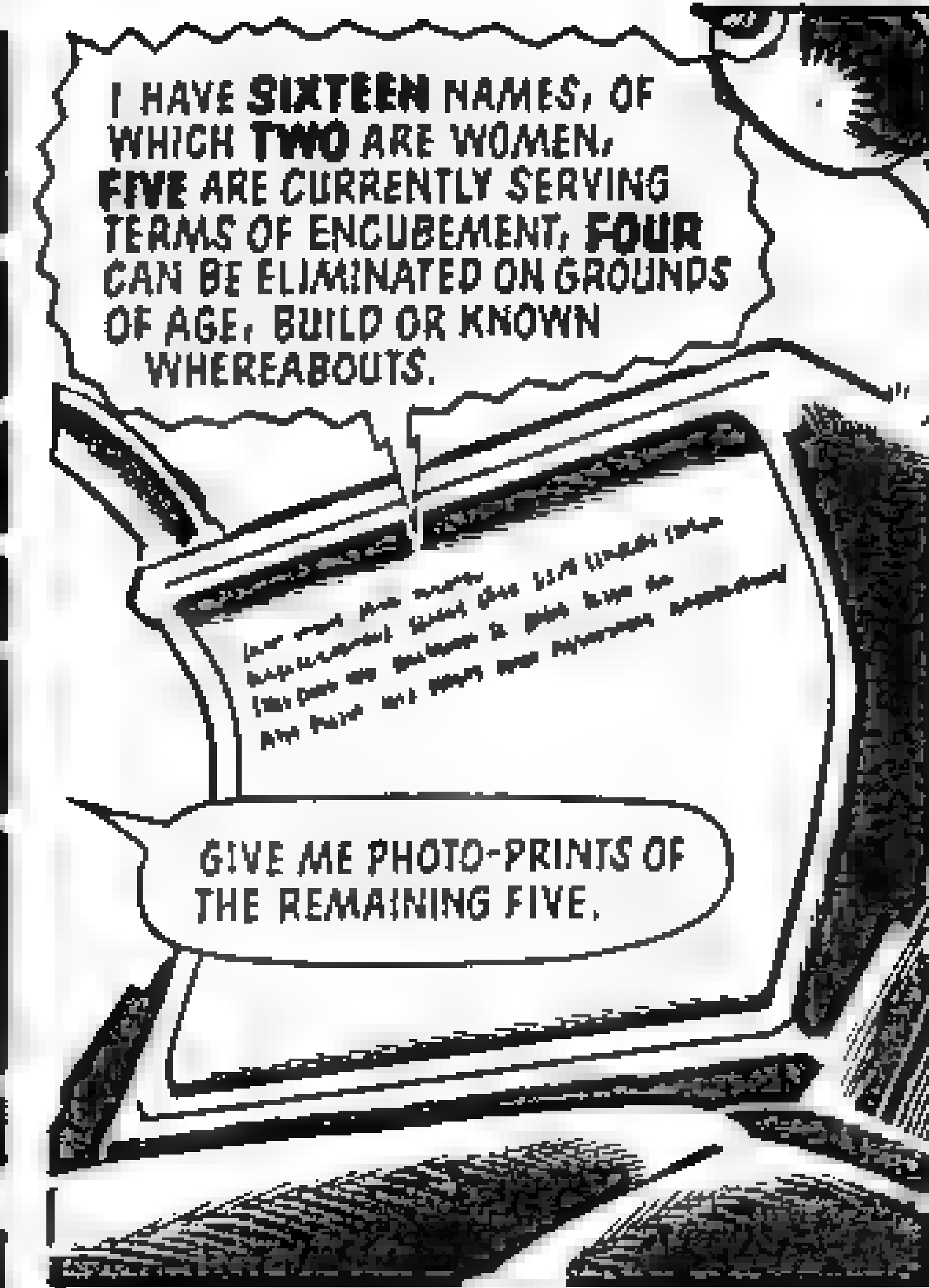


DOWN BELOW -

COMPUTER - PATCH IN TO CENTRAL DATA. I WANT A LIST OF ALL REGISTERED LOOF WORKERS WITH THE NAME BUB.

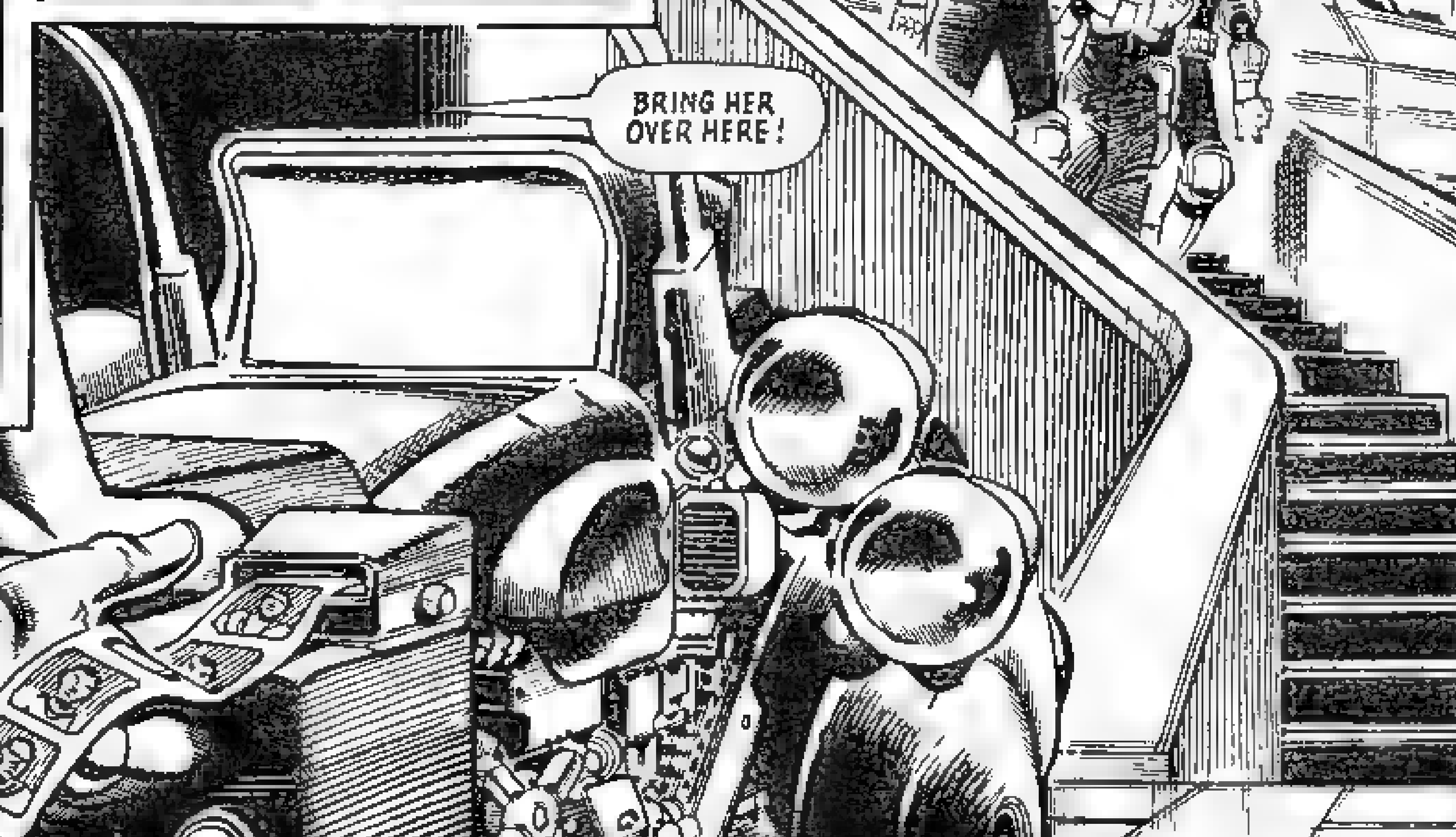
WAS THAT BUB OR BOB? PLEASE CONFIRM.

BUB... B-U-B - BUB!



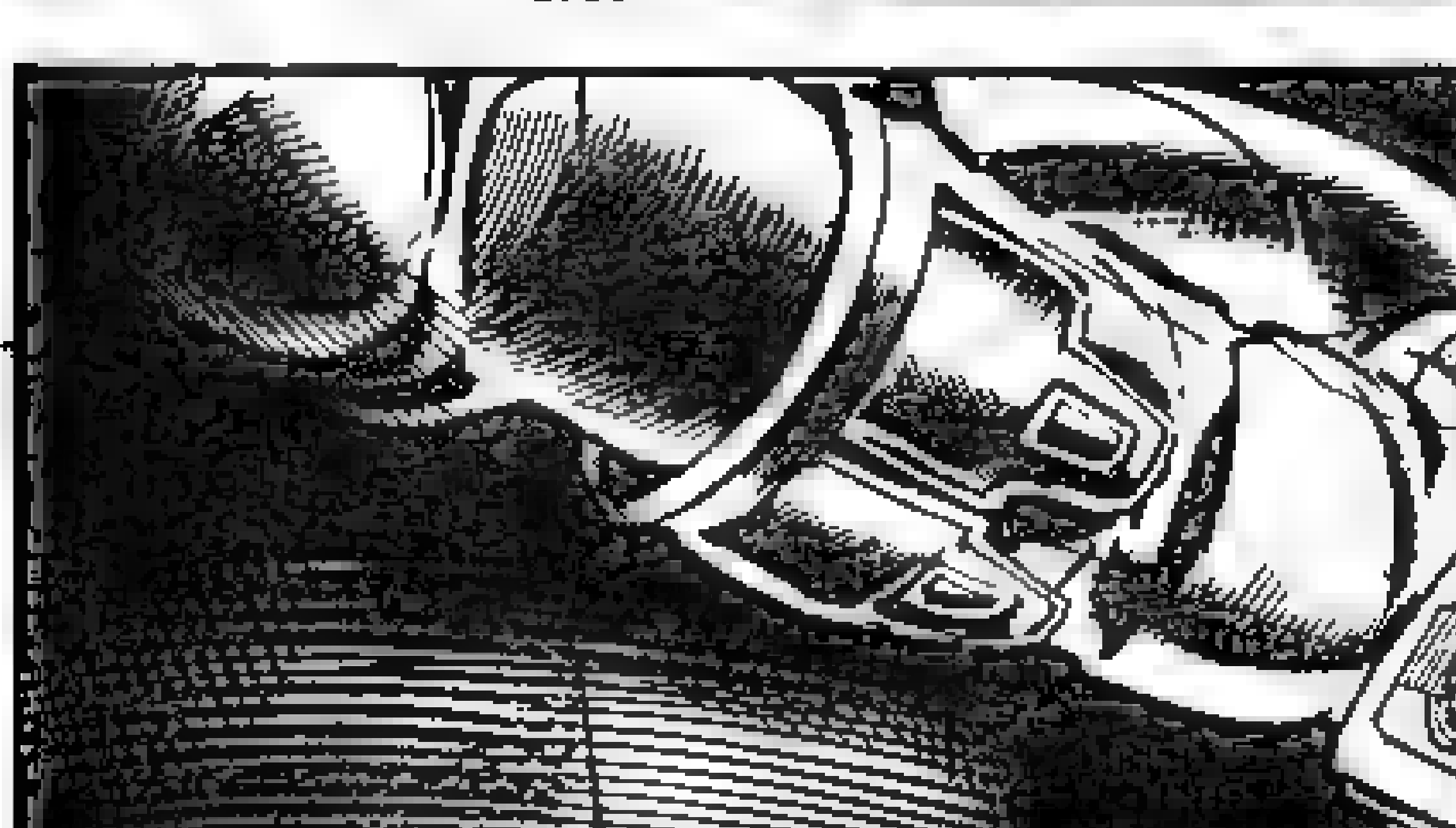
I HAVE **SIXTEEN** NAMES, OF WHICH **TWO** ARE WOMEN, **FIVE** ARE CURRENTLY SERVING TERMS OF ENCUBEMENT, **FOUR** CAN BE ELIMINATED ON GROUNDS OF AGE, BUILD OR KNOWN WHEREABOUTS.

GIVE ME PHOTO-PRINTS OF THE REMAINING FIVE.



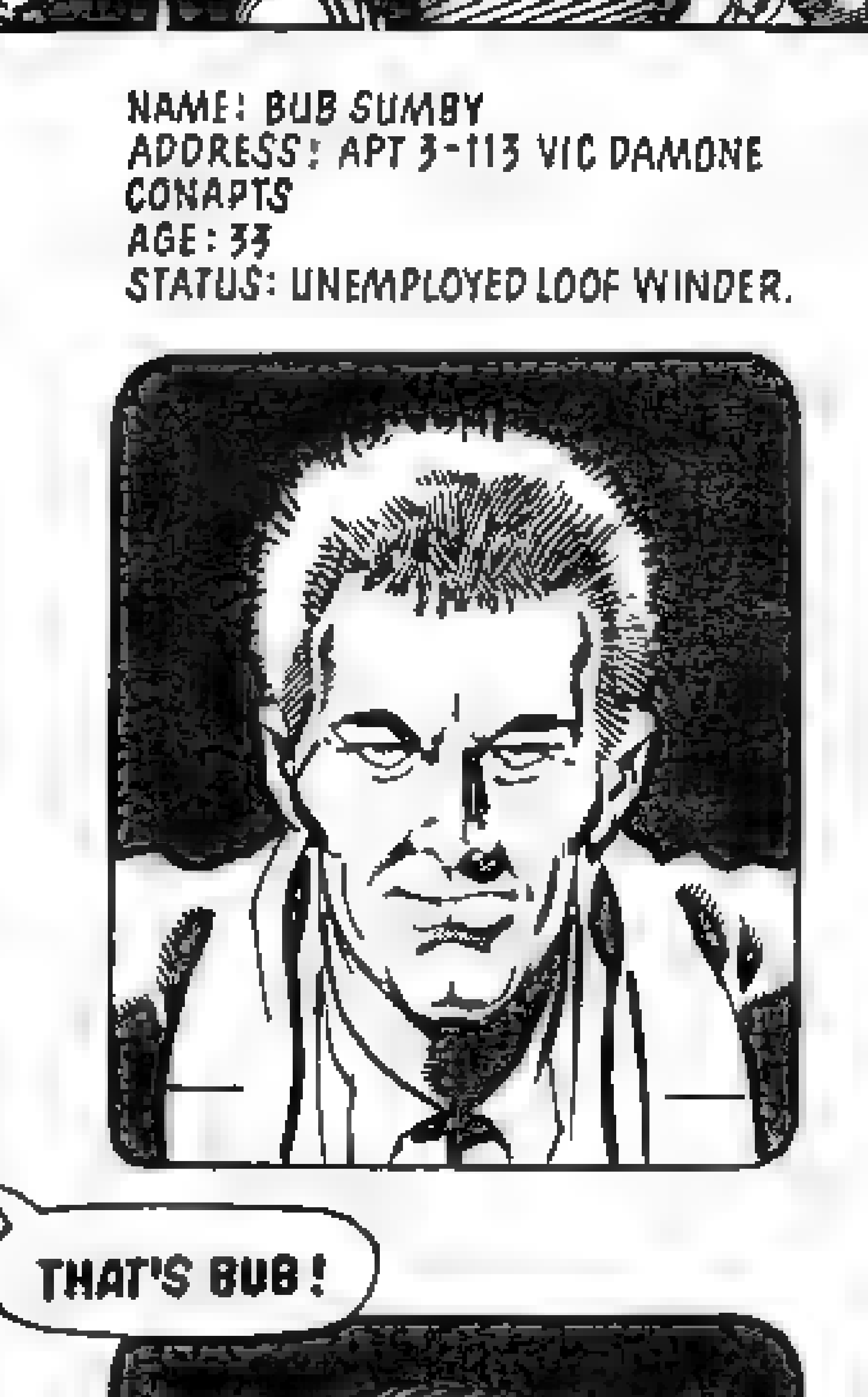
BRING HER OVER HERE!

THIS IS DISGRACEFUL! I'M A BEREAVED WIDOW!



YOU RECOGNISE ANY OF THESE?

Y-YES... THAT ONE.



NAME: BUB SUMBY
ADDRESS: APT 3-113 VIC DAMONE CONAPTS
AGE: 33
STATUS: UNEMPLOYED LOOF WINDER.

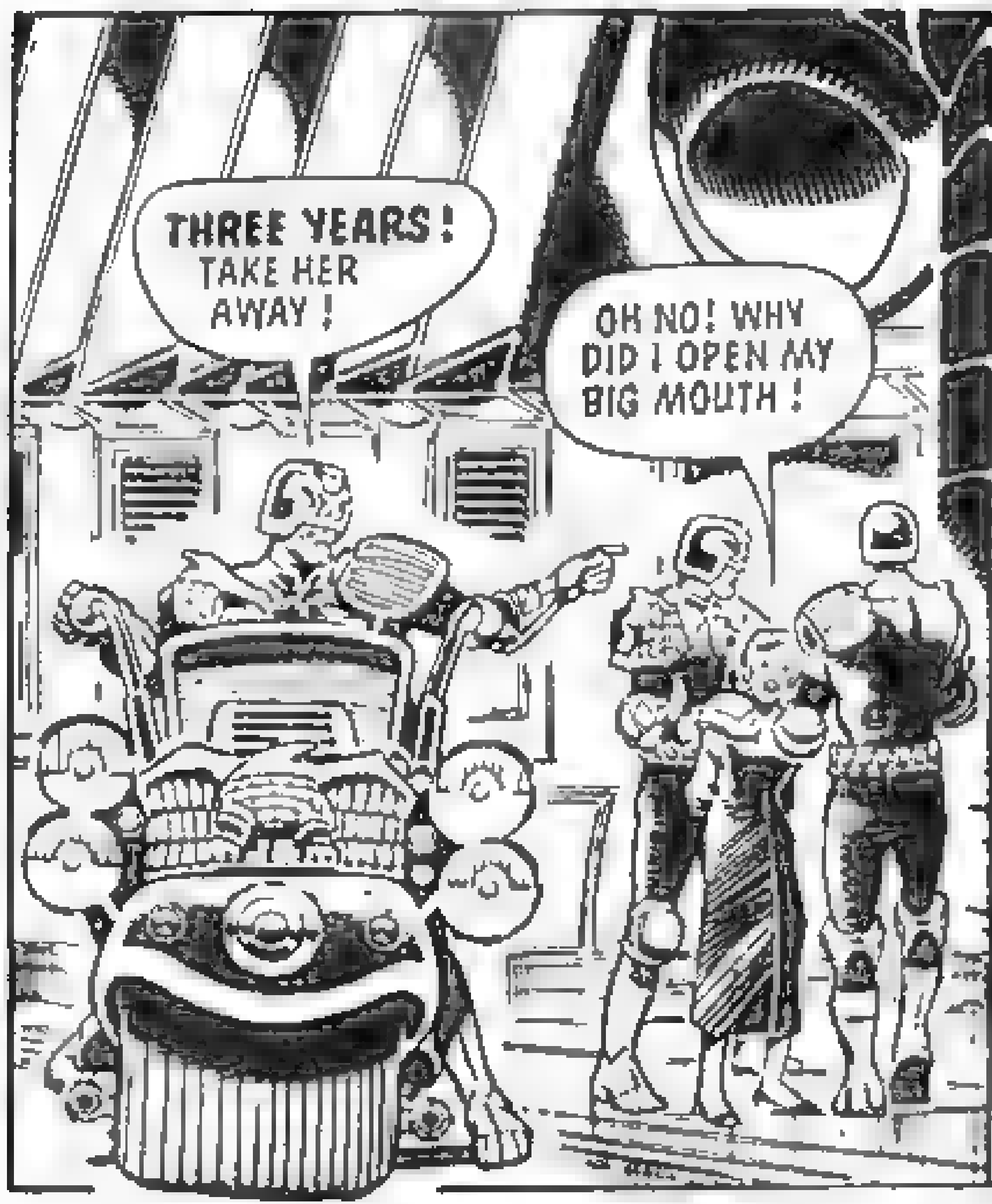
THAT'S BUB!



JUDGE DREDD! ABOUT THAT SUGAR - IT WASN'T MINE, HONEST! IT WAS **CHIP'S!**

LIE DETECTOR SAYS SHE'S TELLING THE TRUTH

IN THAT CASE, SHE WAS LYING TO US EARLIER. **PERJURY'S A SERIOUS OFFENCE, CHEGLEY!**



THREE YEARS!
TAKE HER
AWAY!

OH NO! WHY
DID I OPEN MY
BIG MOUTH!



WHAT
ABOUT OUR
FRIEND BUB?
DO WE
PICK HIM
UP?

NO... JUST KEEP HIM
UNDER SURVEILLANCE.
WITH A BIT OF LUCK HE
COULD LEAD US STRAIGHT
TO HIS SICK PALS IN THE
HUNTERS CLUB.

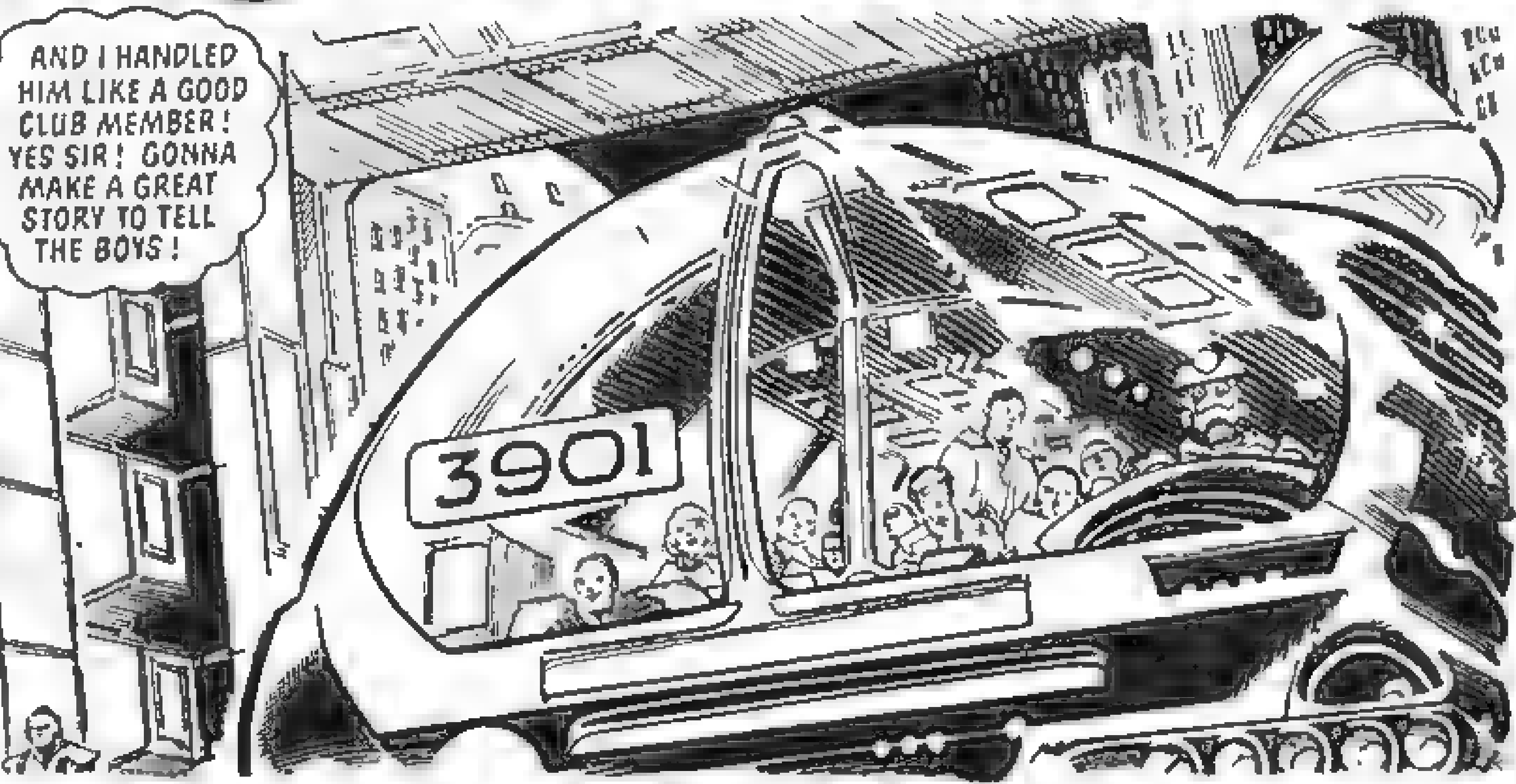


SHAME ABOUT
OLD CHIP. STILL,
HE HAD IT
COMING



BUS

AND I HANDLED
HIM LIKE A GOOD
CLUB MEMBER!
YES SIR! GONNA
MAKE A GREAT
STORY TO TELL
THE BOYS!

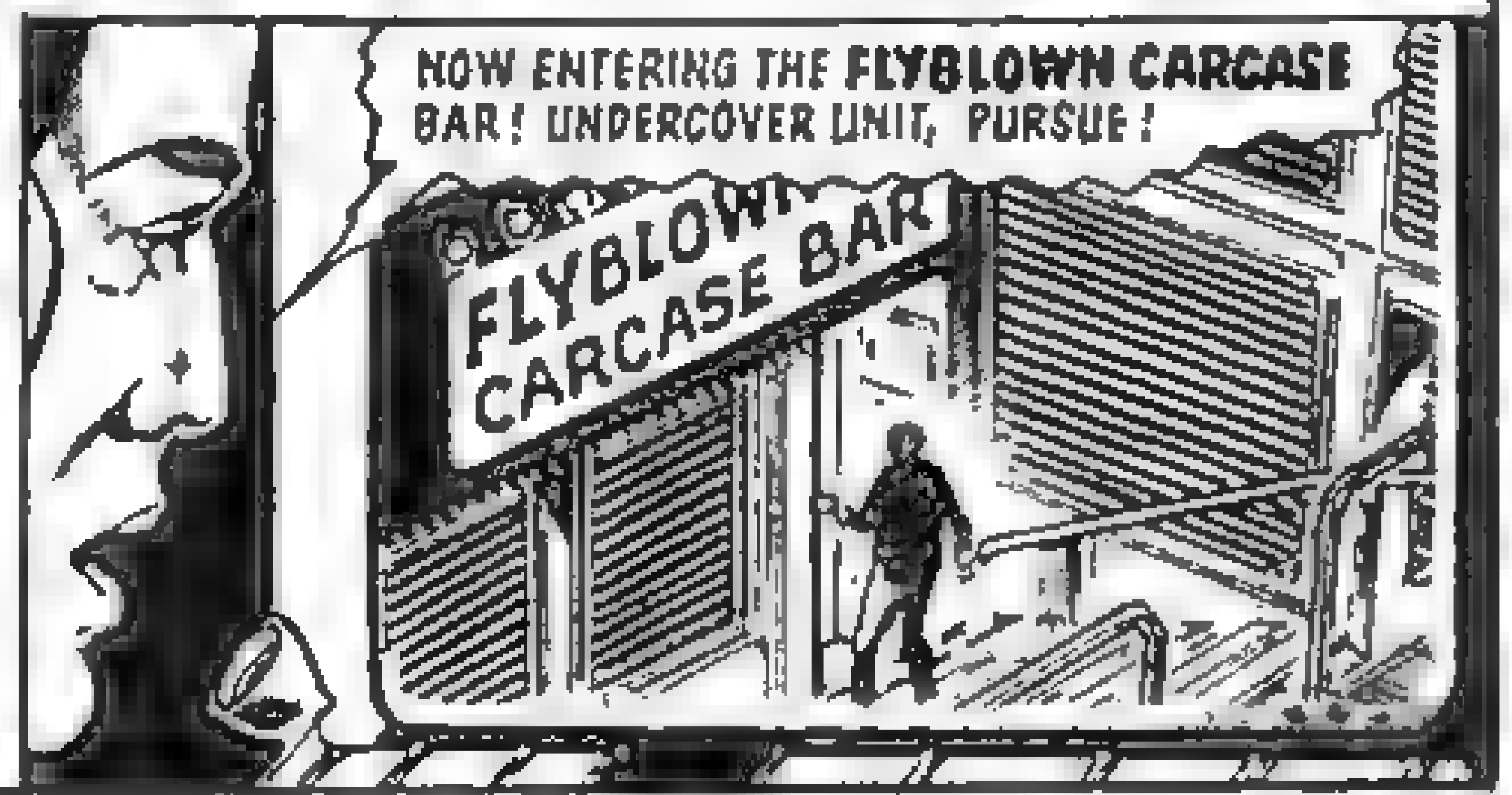
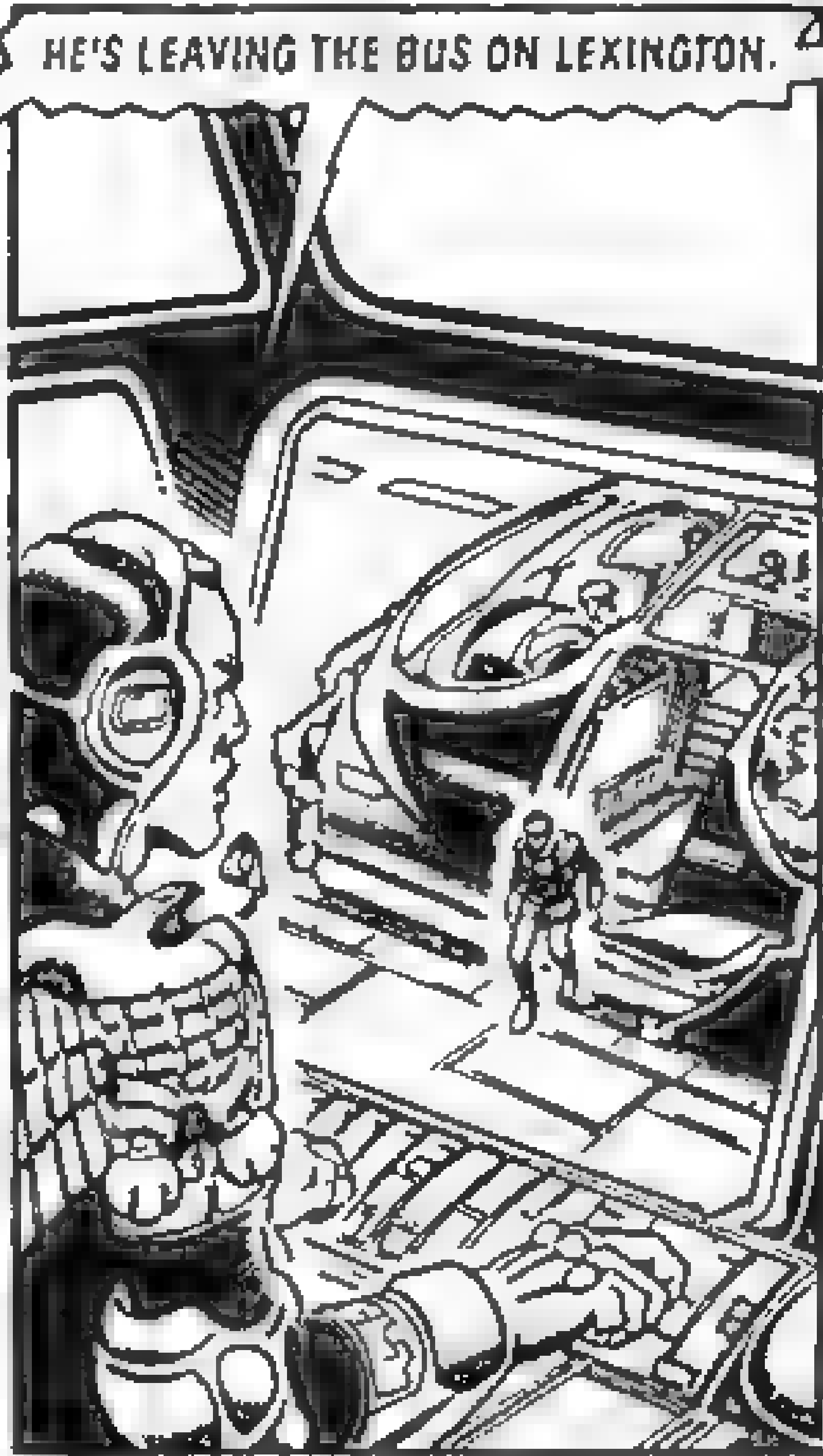


SPY IN THE SKY CAMERAS
FOLLOW BUB'S EVERY MOVE -

HE'S BOARDED THE
CROSSTOWN 3901.

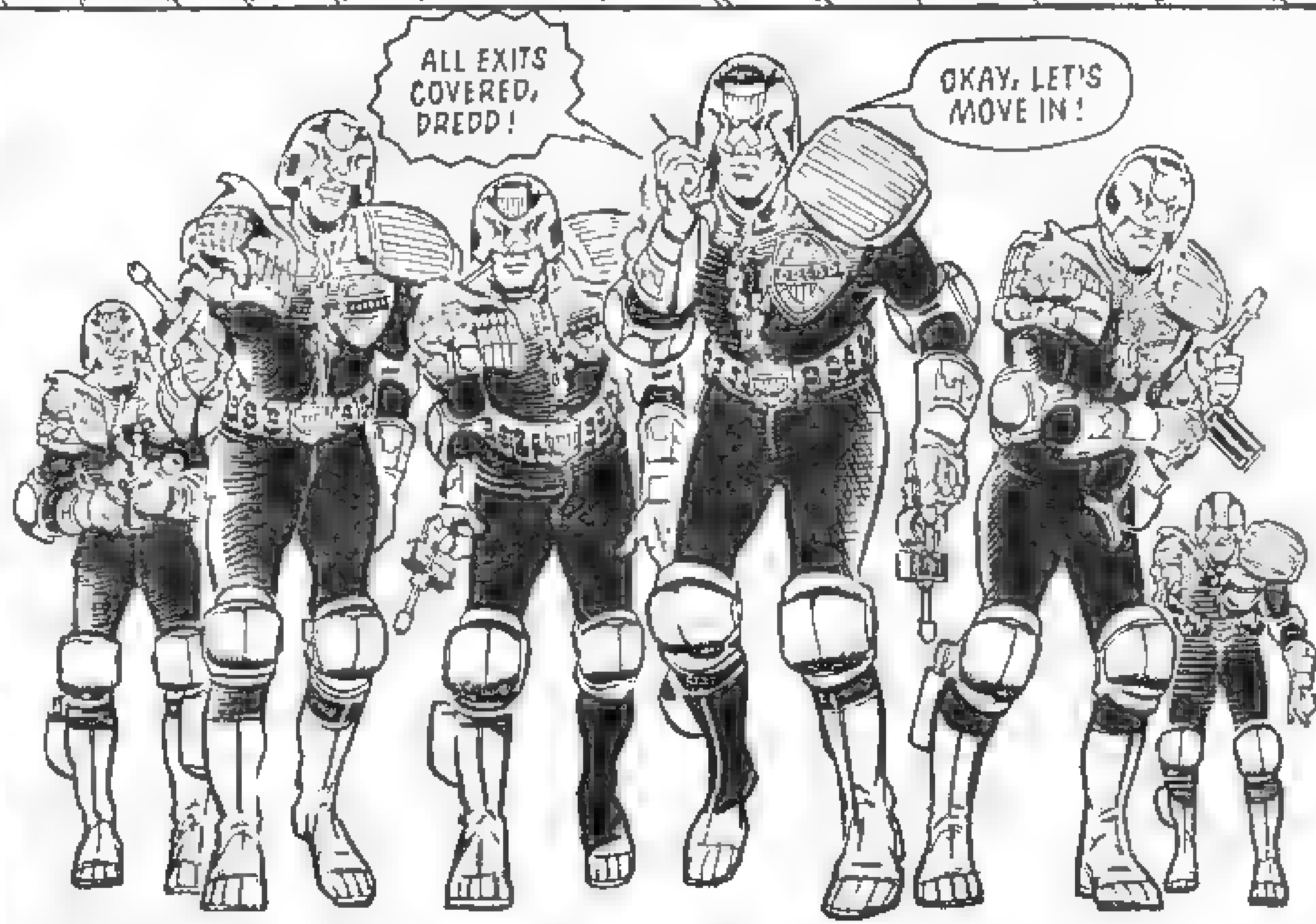
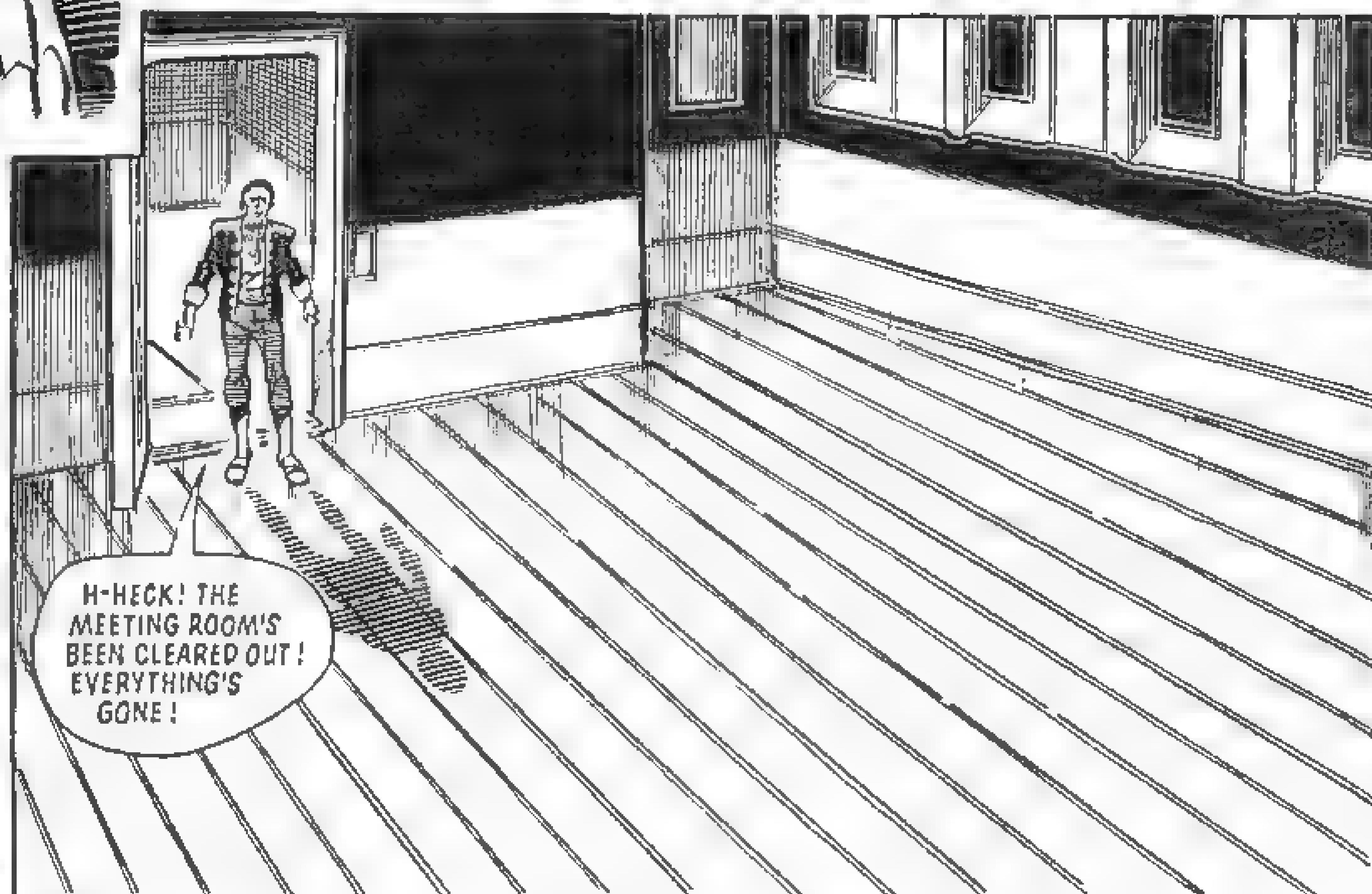
HE'S LEAVING THE BUS ON LEXINGTON.

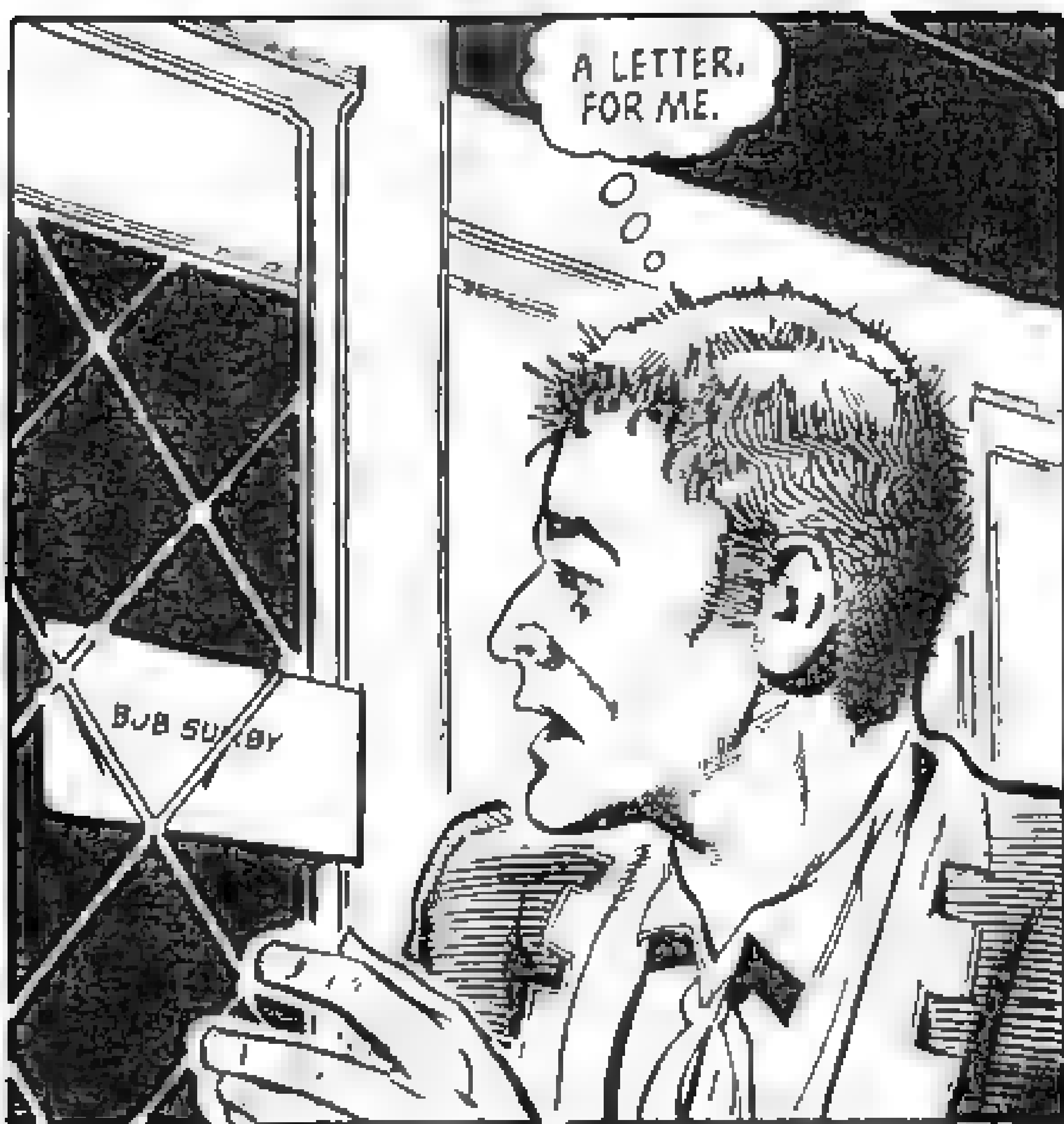
HEADING NORTH ON
FOSSIL BOULEVARD



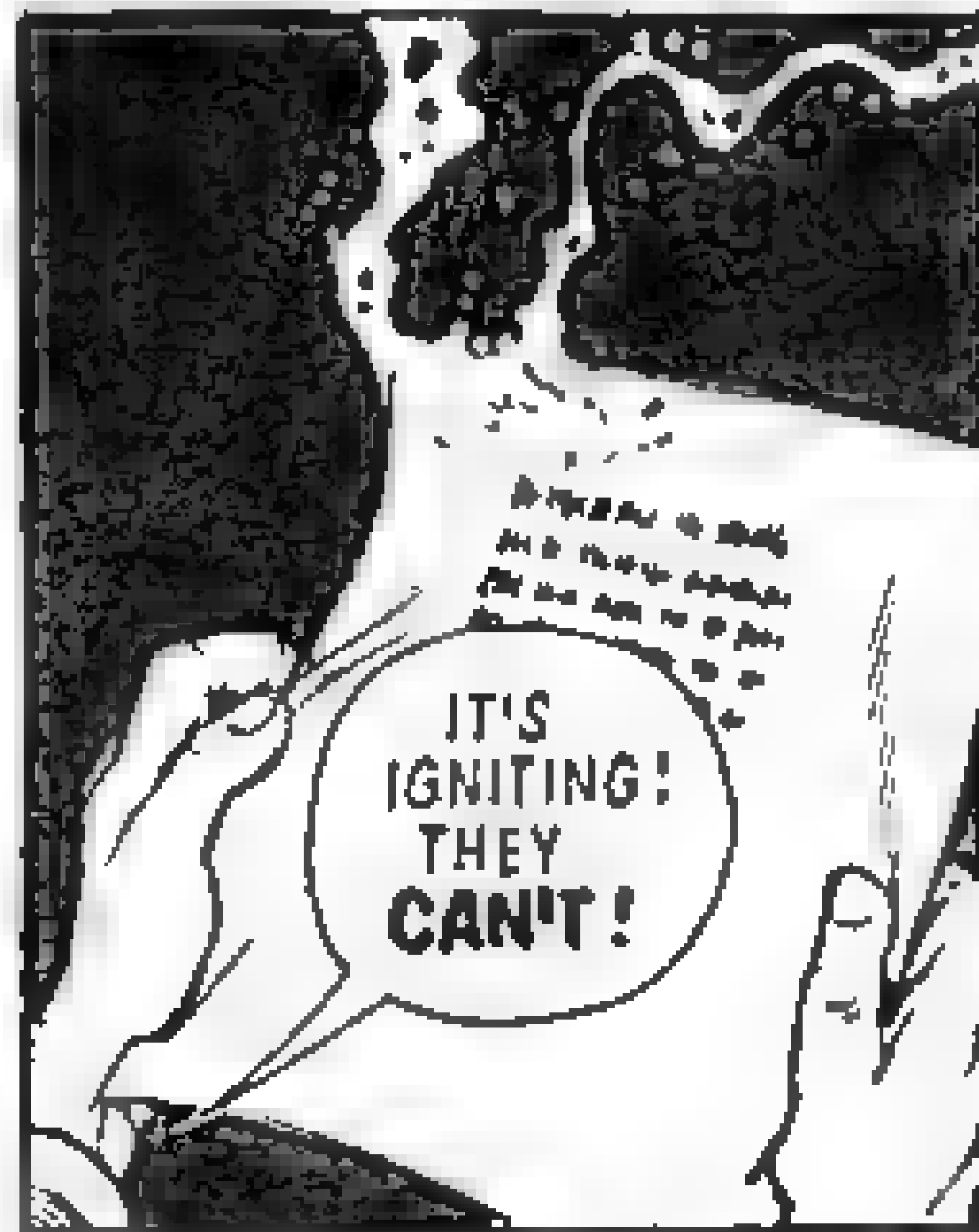
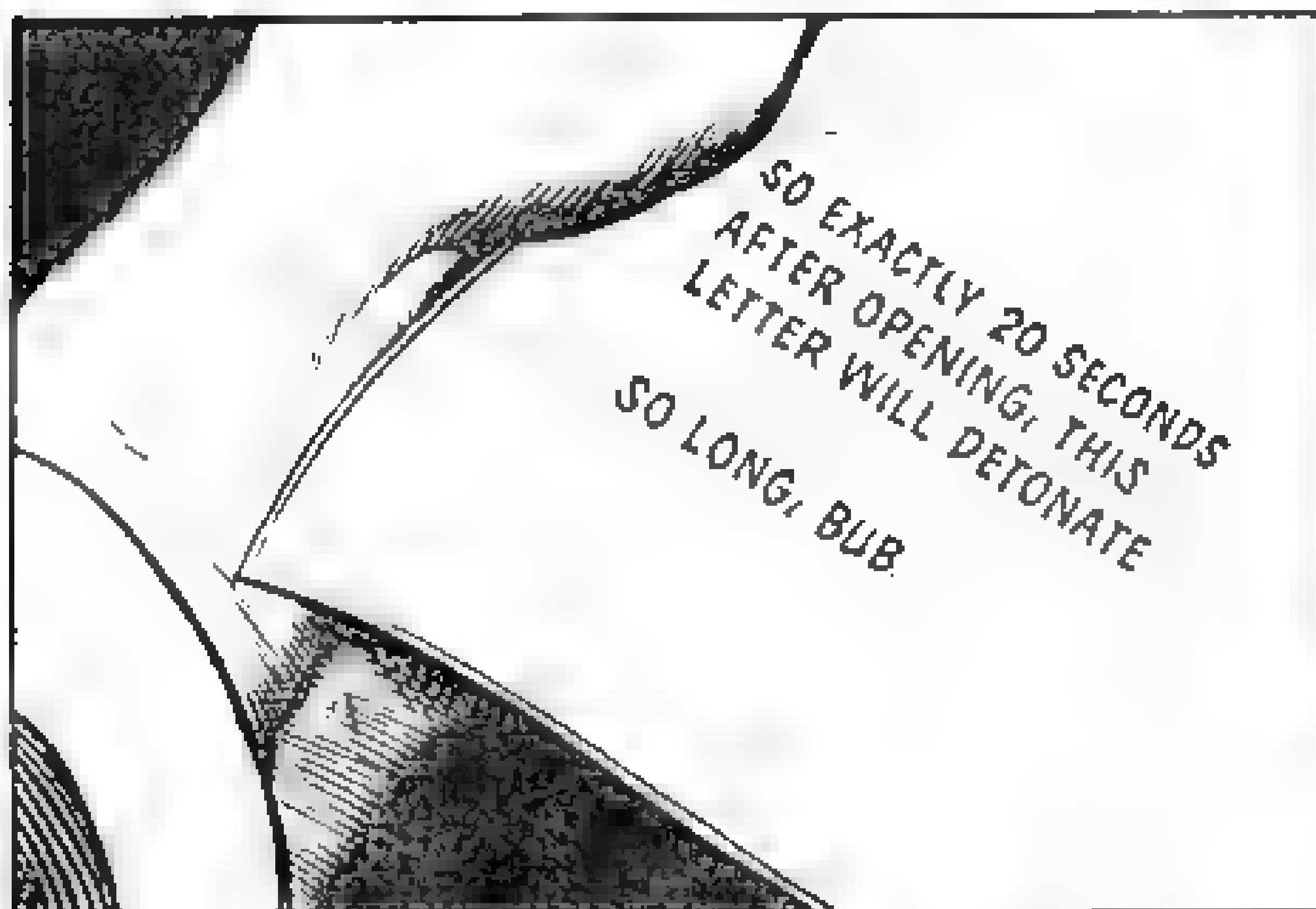
NOW ENTERING THE FLYBLOWN CARCASE
BAR! UNDERCOVER UNIT, PURSUE!

FLYBLOWN
CARCASE BAR





TO MEMBER BUB SUMBY -
DUE TO THE FAILURE OF
TODAY'S HUNT, IT IS OUR
CONSIDERED OPINION THAT
YOUR CONTINUED EXISTENCE
POSES A SEVERE THREAT TO
THE SAFETY OF THIS CLUB.
ACCORDINGLY WE HAVE
MOVED OUR BASE AND HEREBY
ISSUE YOU WITH THIS
STATUTORY WARNING -

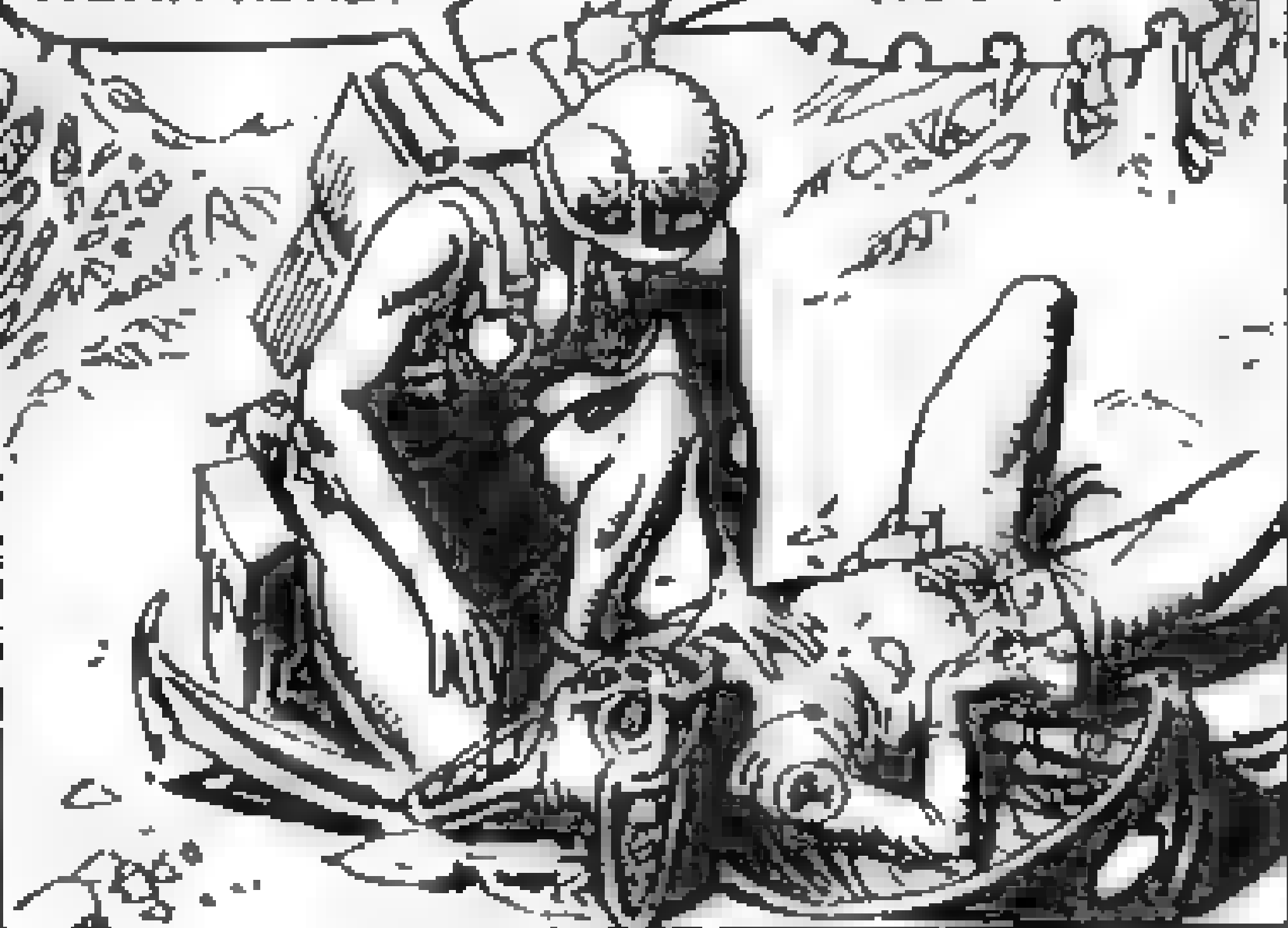


NEXT PROG :

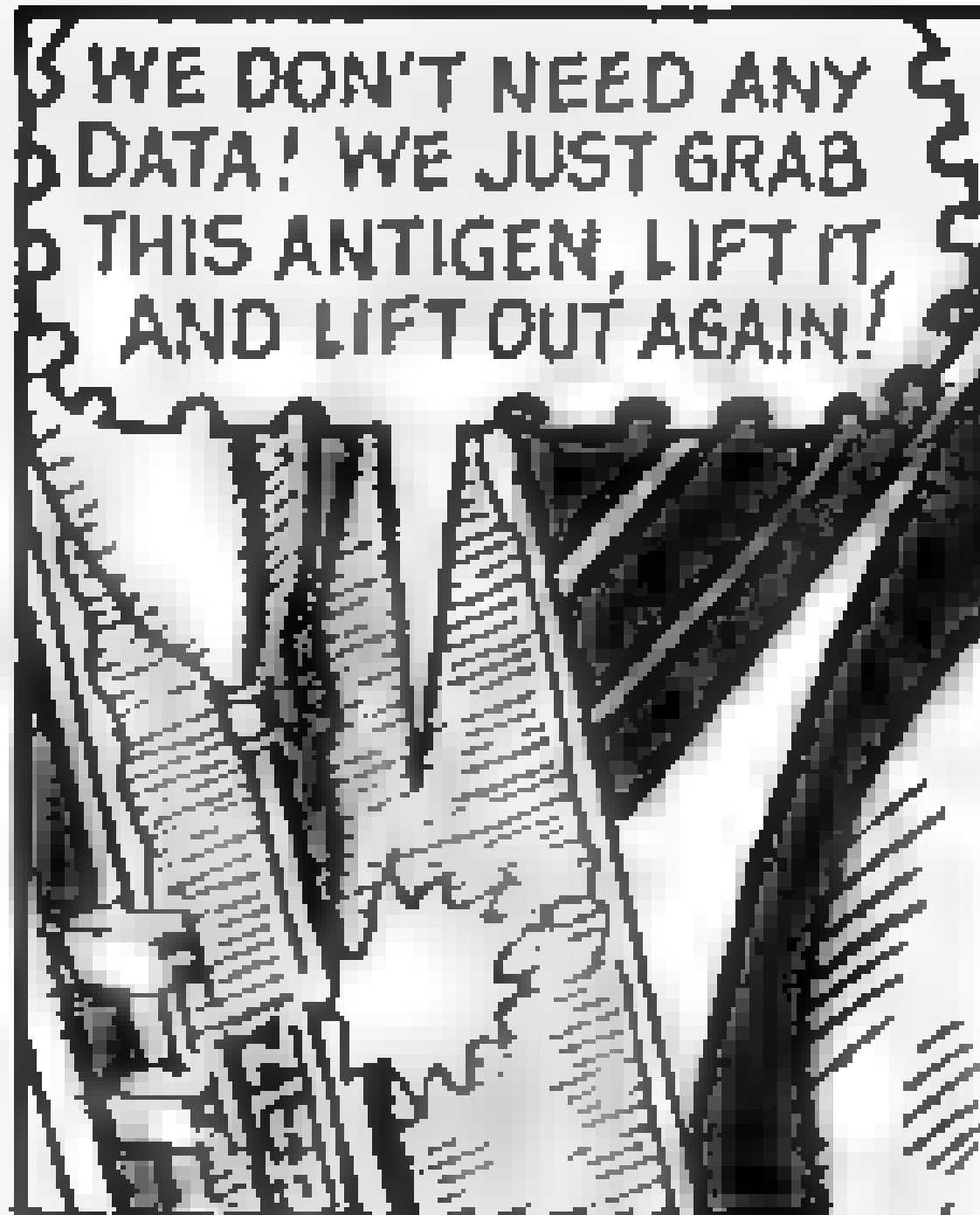
MONTEROSO!

ROGUE HAS LANDED ON THE PLANET HORST IN SEARCH OF THE ANTIGEN—THE KEY TO REGENING HIS BIOCHIPPED COMRADES. BUT HE'S ALREADY FOUND OUT THAT HORST IS FAR FROM BEING ANOTHER NU EARTH...

THE NORTS ARE USING ALIENS TO DO THEIR DIRTY WORK HERE!



RUNNING A FULL AUTOPSY REPORT NOW, ROGUE.



WE DON'T NEED ANY DATA! WE JUST GRAB THIS ANTIGEN, LIFT IT, AND LIFT OUT AGAIN!



YOU JERK, GUNNAR! IF WE DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENS HERE, WE WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO FIND IT!



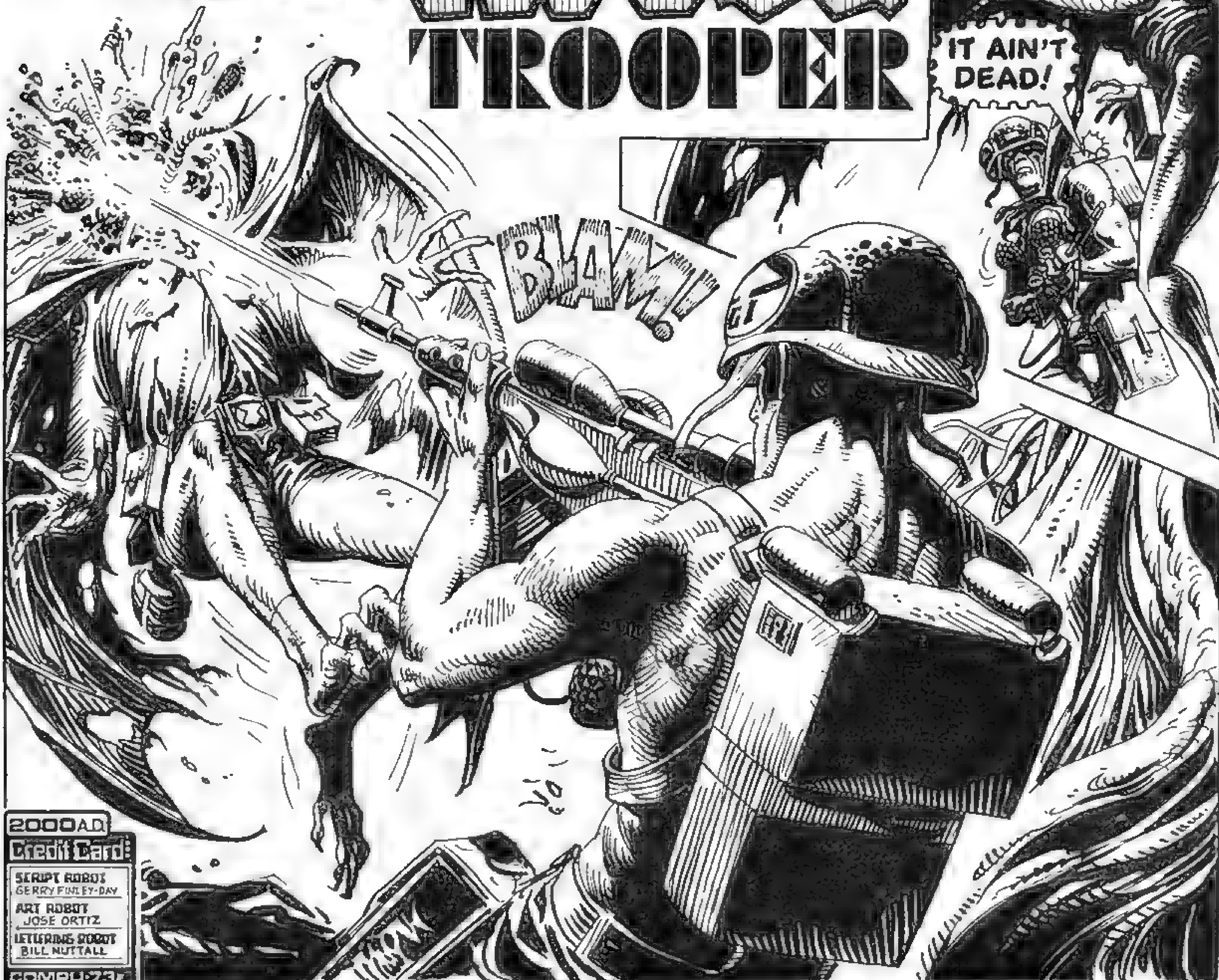
UH, ROGUE PRELIMINARY RESULT COMIN' THROUGH...

YEAH? WHAT?

ROGUE TROOPER



IT AIN'T DEAD!



BLAM!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GERRY FINLEY-DAY
ART ROBOT
JOSE ORTIZ
LETTERING ROBOT
BILL NUTTALL
COMPU:73



LOOKS LIKE YOU
NEED A **HEADSHOT**
TO STOP ONE OF THESE
THINGS. BEAR THAT
IN MIND, GUYS.



STILL THINK
WE DON'T NEED
TO KNOW ANY-
THING, GUNNAR?

ONLY A FOOL
COULD THINK
THAT DATA
IS VITAL IN
ANY WAR!

OKAY, OKAY!
I GOT THE
MESSAGE!



THE G.I. MOVES ON, HIS
EVERY SENSE NOW
TUNED TO THE SLIGHTEST
MOVEMENT

ANYONE
ELSE HEAR
THAT RUSTLING
NOISE?



MORE OF THOSE
ALIENS—A WHOLE
SWARM OF 'EM!



RECKON THERE'S
SOME KIND OF FLAP
ON, ROGUE!



YEAH AND
IT'S GONNA LEAD
US STRAIGHT TO THE
NEAREST PACK OF
SOUTHERS!

A FEW KAYS DEEPER INTO
THE ALIEN SCAPE.

THEY'RE
CIRCLING—MUST'VE
FOUND A TARGET.

THERE IT IS
SOME KIND OF CONE-
SHAPED HABITATION
BUT WHERE ARE ALL
THE SOUTHERS?

SYNTH IT, ROGUE!
THE SOUTHERS ARE
ALIEN, TOO—
INSECTOIDS!

YOU MEAN
A BUNCH OF
BUGS? ON
OUR
SIDE?

YOU GOT IT

SWITCH NG TO
MANUAL, GUNNAR

HEY! HOLD
ON THERE,
ROGUE!

THIS A N'T OUR
FIGHT! ALL WE WANT
IS THE ANT.GEN!

HE'S
RIGHT,
ROGUE!

YEAH—THOSE
BUGS CAN BUG OUT!



I DON'T CARE ABOUT THEIR SHAPE OR SIZE! THEY'RE SOUTHERS—AND WE'RE GONNA HELP THEM!

BAGMAN! GIMME LONG-RANGE AUDIO TRANSLATION...



STRANGELY-PITCHED VOICES, FILTERED THROUGH BAGMAN'S SPEECH-SYNTHESIZER, SUDDENLY FILL ROGUE'S EARS...

SEE THEM SCUTTLE IN ALL DIRECTIONS!

FIND THEIR ELDER!

SEARCH FOR HIM!

I HAVE HIM! THEIR ELDER—THEIR HUMAN LEADER!

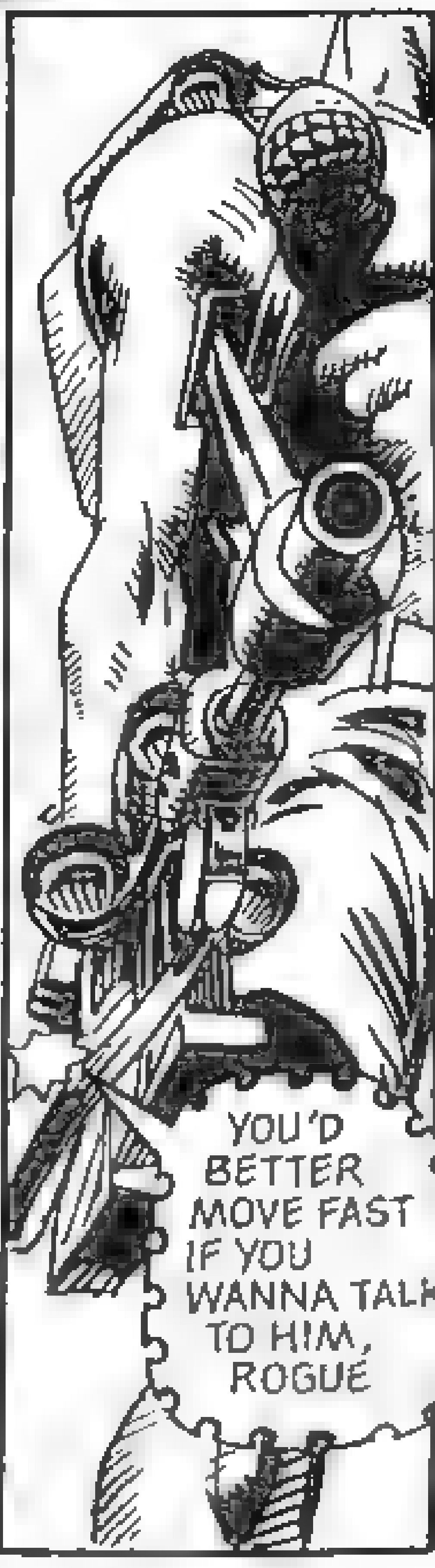


A HUMAN! HE MUST BE SOME KIND OF ADVISER TO THE SOUTHER ALLIES!

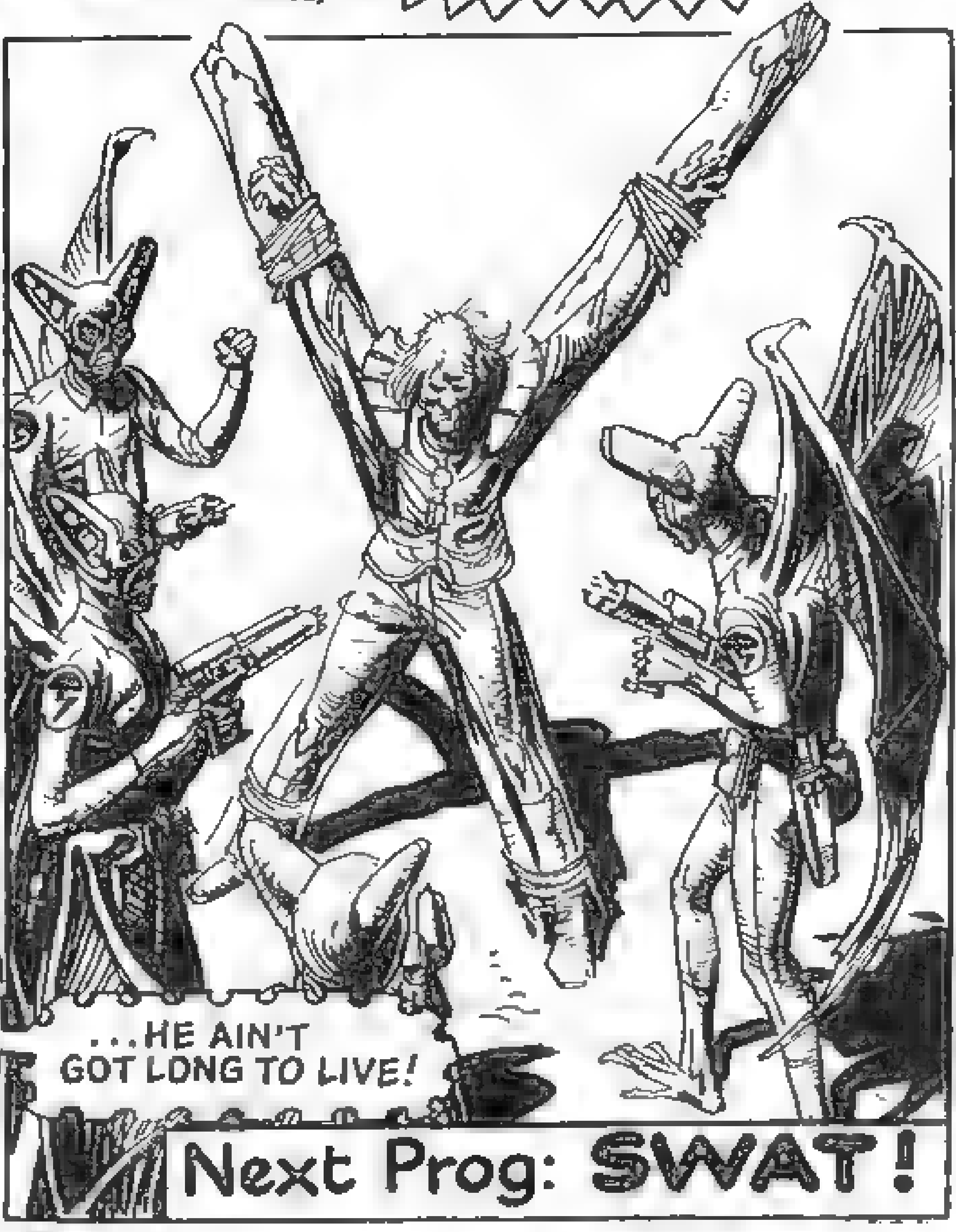


WHICH MEANS HE KNOWS EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS DAMNED PLANET!

IF ANYONE CAN TELL US ABOUT THE ANTIGEN, HE'S THE MAN!



YOU'D BETTER MOVE FAST IF YOU WANNA TALK TO HIM, ROGUE



...HE AIN'T GOT LONG TO LIVE!

Next Prog: SWAT!

AN EPIC JOURNEY THROUGH THE NIGHTMARE OF THE CURSED EARTH!

THE HELL TREKKERS

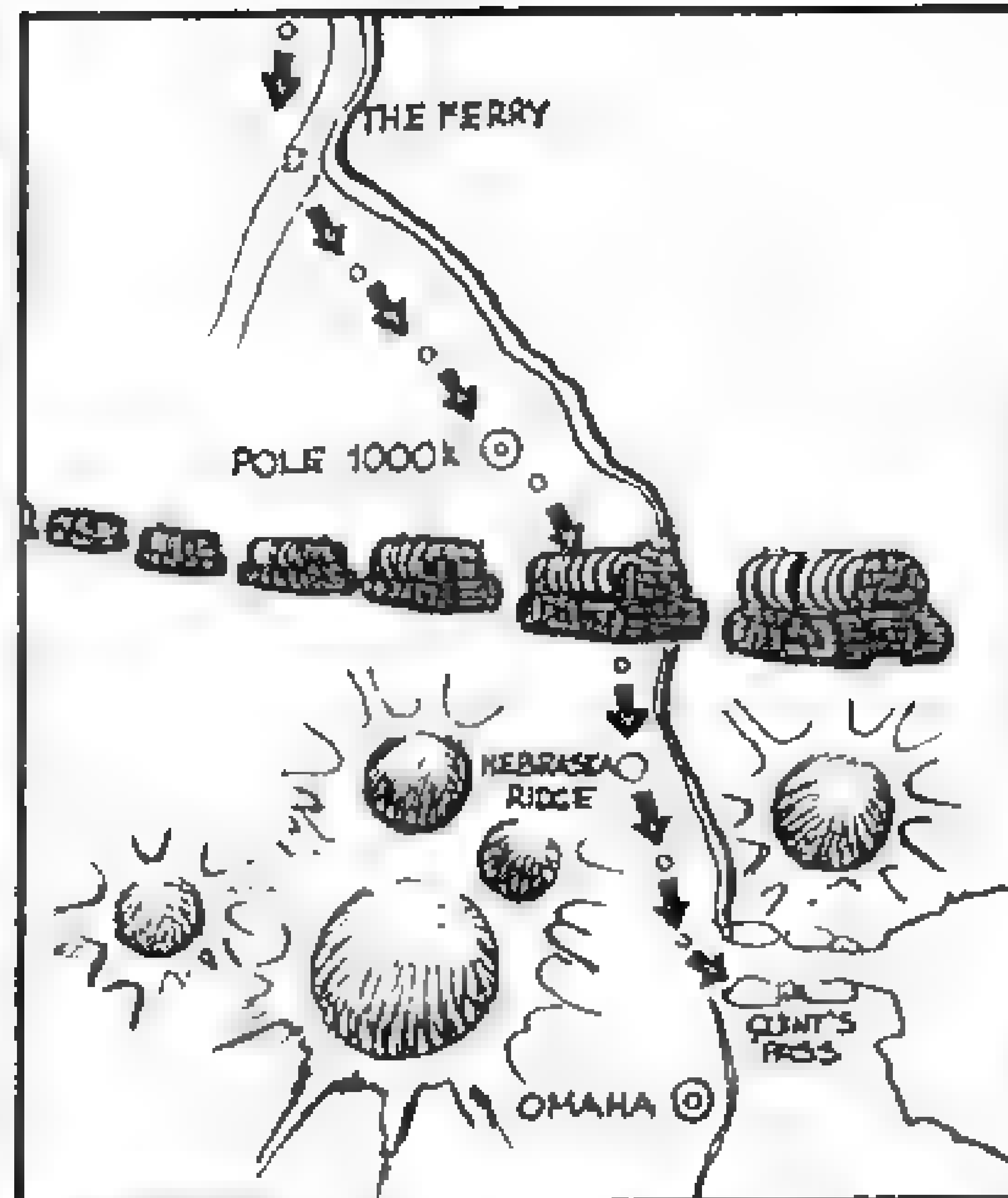
FROM THE LOG
OF TREKMASTER
LUCAS RUDD—

DAY 10.
Bish Glemp's section of
the trek had run into
a sheer rock face. They
had to haul the wagons
up with lifting gear...

STAYING!

STAYING!

LOOK OUT!
THE CABLE'S
PARTING!

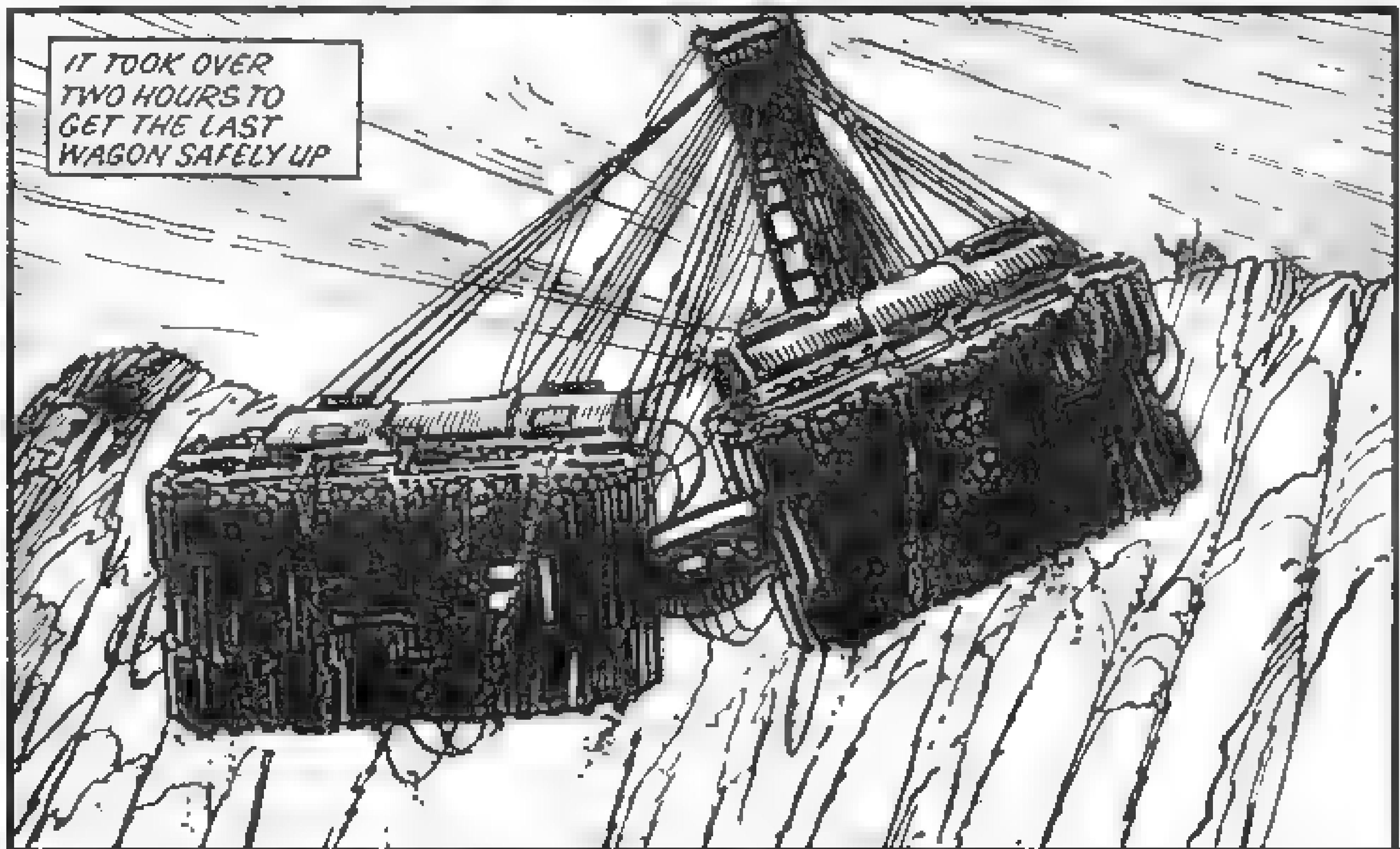
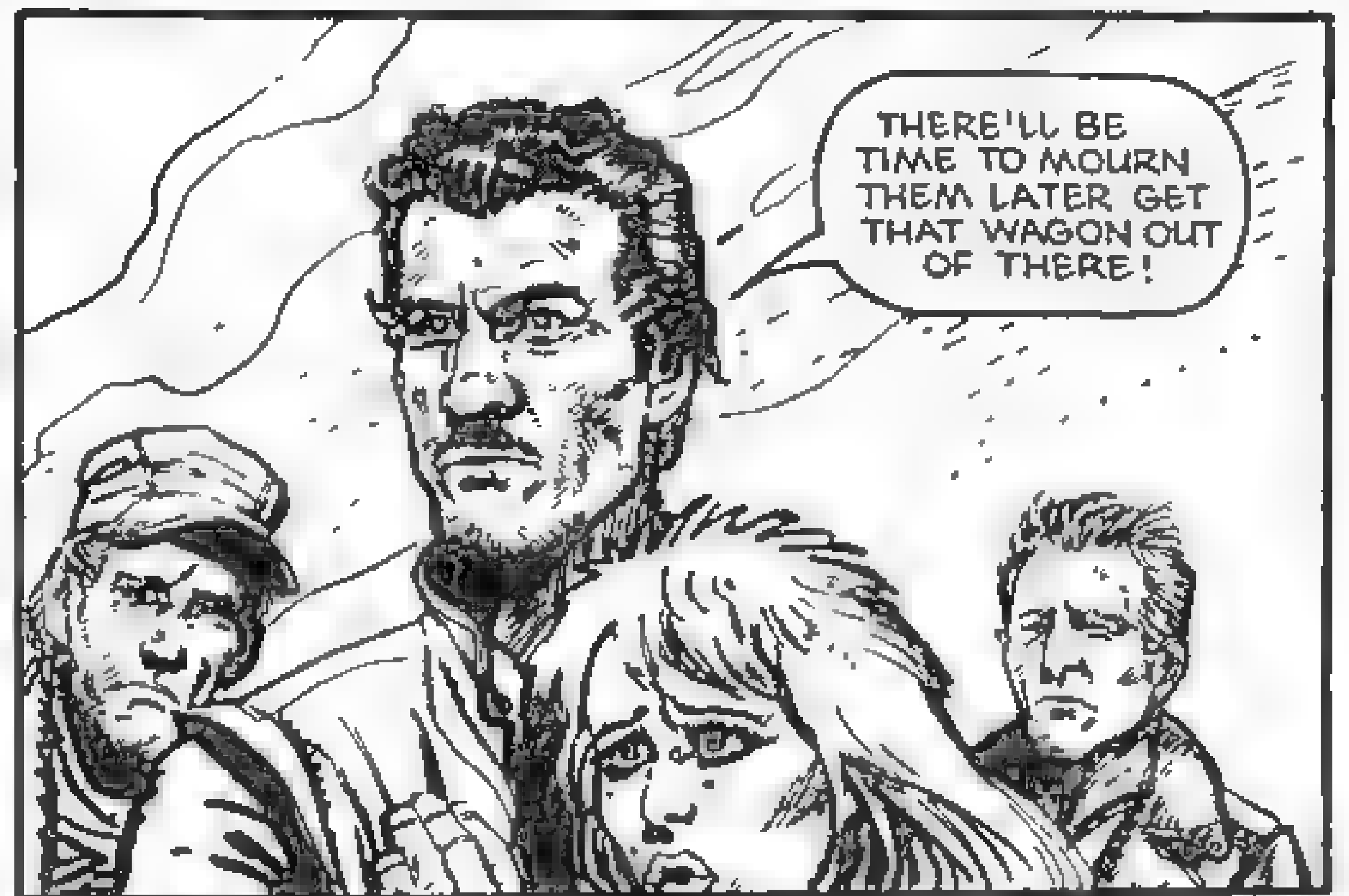
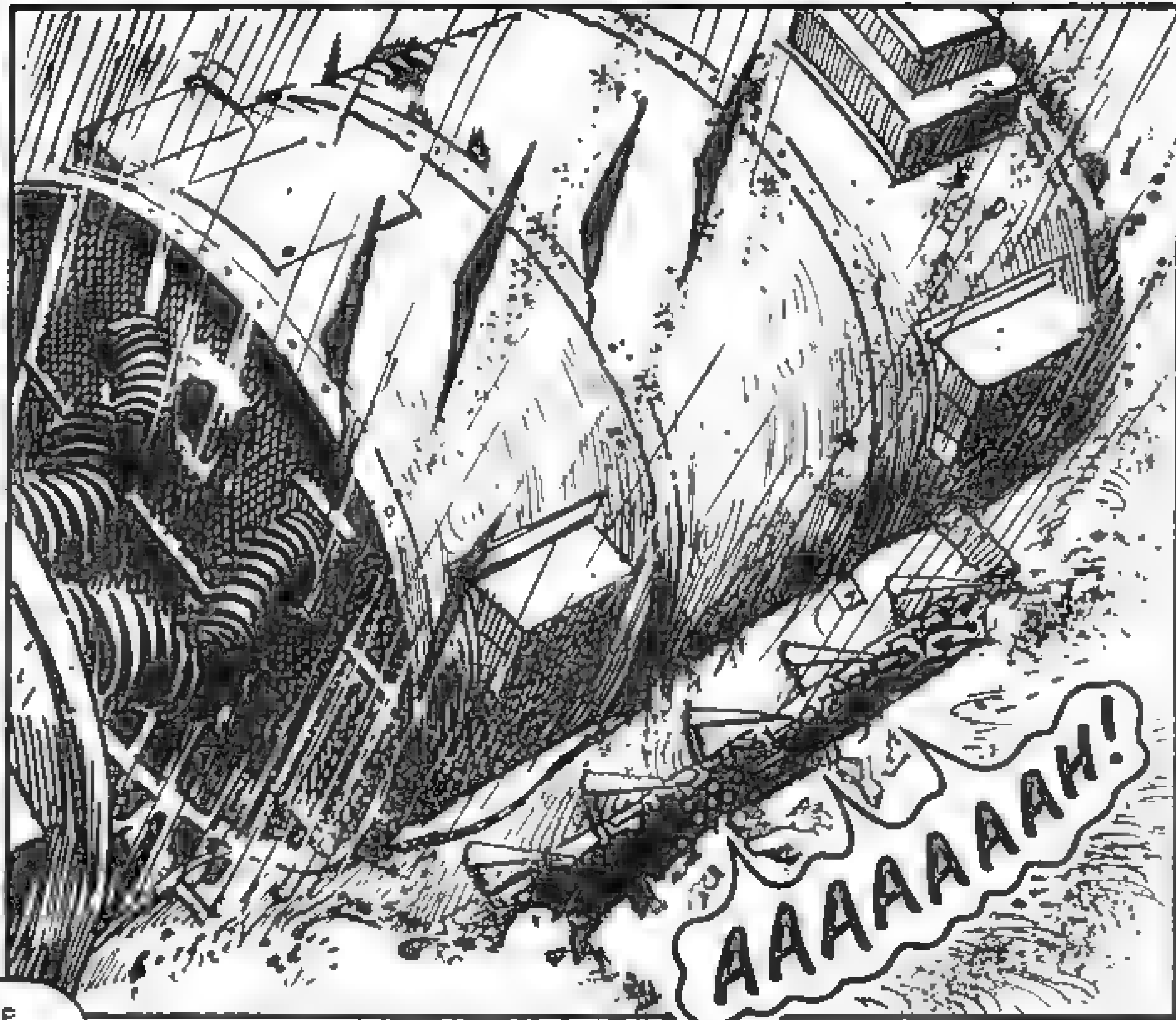


EDEE RUBEN and her two
kids were right
underneath it...

MY BEST
DINNER SERVICE—
IT'LL BE SMASHED TO
PIECES!

COME
ON, MUM!

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
F. MARTIN CANDOR
ART ROBOT
LALIA
LETTERING ROBOT
TONY JACOB
COMPU: 736



NIGHT WAS FALLING BEFORE THE TREK WAS FINALLY REUNITED AT THE HEAD OF QUINT'S PASS.

HERE THEY COME!

'RAAAAY!

WHAT'LL WE DO, LUCAS? CAMP HERE FOR THE NIGHT?

NO, LET'S KEEP ROLLING. THE SOONER WE'RE OUT OF THE RIFT, THE BETTER.

I'LL LEAD... SET YOUR CONTROLS TO AUTOMATIC AND GET SOME SLEEP.

GOOD ON YA, LUCAS!

While the trek slept, I guided us through the narrow, twisting pass...

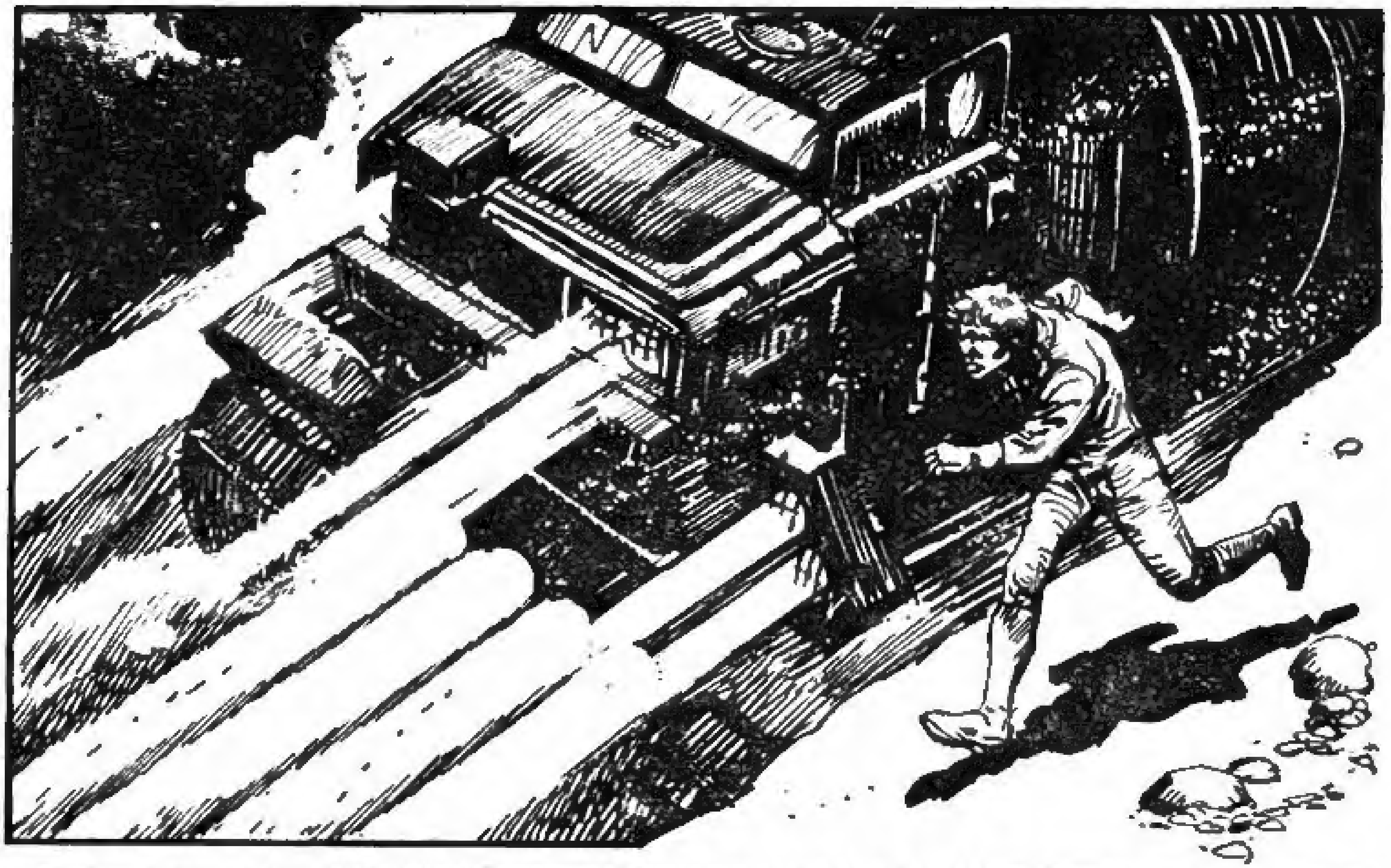
EVERYONE'S ASLEEP, OTIS - 'CEPT LUCAS STINKIN' RUDD! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO GET EVEN FOR WHAT HE DONE TO BROTHER TITUS!

C'MON!

HOW WE GONNA GET IN, JUDAS?

YOU GET AHEAD OF RUDD'S WAGON. PLAY DEAD.

AN' LEAVE THE REST TO ME!



NEXT PROG: BURY MY HEART IN QUINT'S PASS!

**THERE'S SO
MUCH MORE
TO ENJOY
IN THE
NEW-LOOK...**

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STORIES MAKE IT THE
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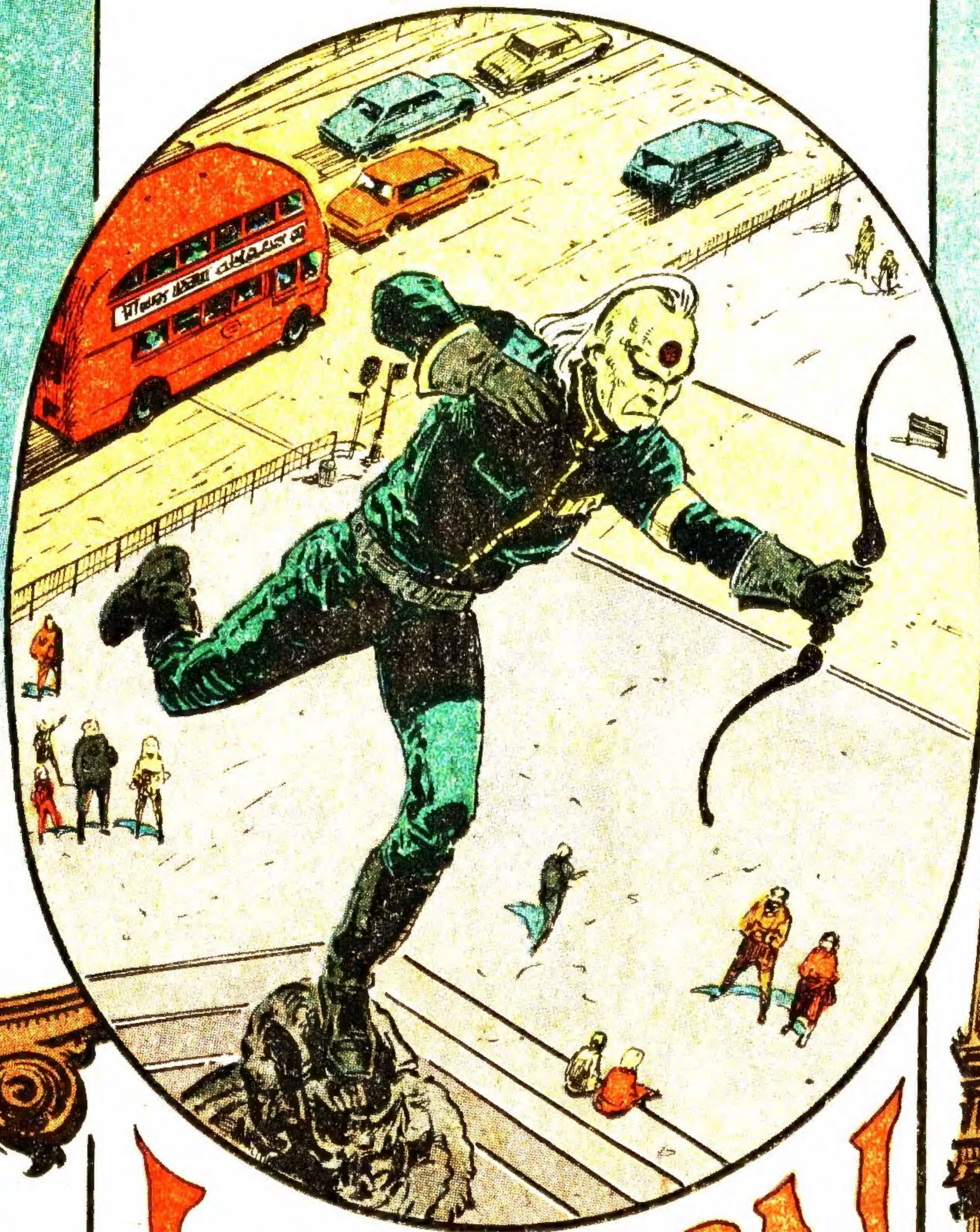
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STORIES!**

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FAVOURITES!**

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from



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